

# ★THE NEW YORK



# DRAMATIC MIRROR.

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## ★THE LADY OF FIRE.

THE MOST APPALLING PUBLIC EXHIBITION EVER GIVEN—DID PROFESSOR HERRMANN MEET THE FAKIR OF MANTCHOORIA IN UNION SQUARE?

Professor Herrmann is, without doubt, one of the cleverest illusionists since Houdin. But Professor Herrmann never heard of the Fakir of Mantchooria.

We were sitting in Sadderson's cedar grove, on the Square. The cedar grove is made up of four or five pots full of evergreens in a back garden, awning-roofed. But it is a cool place and the beer is excellent, so that bright and busy fellows who buzz round the Square, like blue-bottle flies, light here at all times of day.

At this time, there were three or four with cool steins before them. They were hunted out of the Square by the heat and they fell accidentally into this group at one table. The lazy awning flapped with a light breeze. The stone floor was wet and cool. The beer was refreshing.

Professor Herrmann, as usual, had thrown one of the steins full of beer into the air, and it had not come down. He had pulled a lump of anthracite, nearly as big as Nixon's head, from Nixon's side-pocket, and deposited it on the little table.

Nixon, who is always on the alert for something to happen, so that he can write about it, rather hugged Herrmann with questions, and that cheery illusionist was telling us who were the greatest necromancers of history, when I happened to ask him if he had ever heard of The Fakir of Mantchooria, and to my astonishment he never had.

The opportunity to lord it a little over Herrmann was too good to be lost. For a man who knew as much of black art and white art as Herrmann and not to know of The Fakir of Mantchooria was inexcusable, so I said:

"What did he do?" asked the group, with varying tones of indifference that had a final note of contempt in the Professor himself.

"Do?" I replied, "why, he did the most appalling, the most devilish and the most successful thing that was ever accomplished on the public stage before an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen."

"Yes, yes. What was it?"

I tilted my chair back. It was just two o'clock. One doesn't often hold Herrmann in a chair for half an hour. To do that one must be a wizard himself. Watterson had to catch a train at four to get to his country box.

"Gentlemen," I said, "to tell you about The Fakir of Mantchooria will take minutes. It cannot be done in a few seconds."

There was a fresh descent of cool steins. Even Herrmann was quiet, and Nixon stopped chattering.

"As for The Fakir of Mantchooria," I resumed, after a little pause, "I doubt if you can find in the lowest depths of Oriental lore anything to match for consummate skill and diabolism what he did."

"His English name, Boorham Sanger, was an Anglicized version of Boorham Sang, his father's name. That father, I believe, was a Parsee, and some kind of a Persian Prince and Hierophant. That is all that is known of him. His son received an English education at Oxford, and first appeared in Bombay in '49, where indeed his history properly begins."

"That this man was the depository of some kind of occultism that may be in the possession solely of the Parsees, I have no doubt. But it was not his acquisition or mysterious inheritance that made him popular with the officers at Bombay. For if there is anything the British officers in India affect to despise, it is the native magic and theosophy. They will sit satirically for hours, with brandy and soda handy, and look contemptuously on, while some low caste-native pipes to a nest of cobras, or buries a child in a basket. But if any one suggests that it is anything more than an illusion or a trick, they will twirl their Saxon mustaches and become insufferably bored immediately."

"What they saw in Boorham Sanger was a princely fellow, conveniently liberal and sufficiently *Mae*, with a steady hand for a rifle, as he had shown in the jungle on more

than one occasion, and a certain underlying contempt for Orientalism. He was reputed to have inherited a large fortune from some native prince, but whether that prince was his father or only one of those mythical uncles that grow more plentiful and more mysterious, as you recede from the English coast line to the interior coverts of Sakya-muni, I cannot say. Nobody could talk theosophy with Sanger, but he never talked it unless he was pushed into it, and nobody could make a curry at all comparable to his. In fact there was a general belief in the Ninety-second at Madras that he supplied some secret ingredient to his curries that the Parsees alone knew the existence of. This is very absurd, for no one ever knew a Parsee to eat a curry even at the point of the bayonet.

"Sanger was a good deal of a gentlemanly lion in Bombay that Winter. He went into the best resident society, and was a favorite with the household of the Governor-General."

"I believe he was about thirty-eight or forty years old. He was not handsome, but he had a distinguished air and a fascinating reflective manner that was very winning with the women, and he had not been in India three months before gossip about him, more or less mysterious, had gone from post to post and it was understood that half a score of army belles were setting their caps for him."

As Nixon was staring at me intently, I stopped here a moment in my recital, took a draught of the cool beer and then remarked: "If you should write this story out and get ten dollars a column for it, please put two numerals here, will you, to indicate where the steins came in."

What I meant was this sort of thing, don't you know?

### II.

It was in the Winter of '50 that Colonel Burt Stocking returned from England to Bombay and brought his family with him. Among the group of fine-looking women in his circle was his niece, Ann Cotterill, the daughter of Sir Francis Cotterill of Westmoreland, and a brother of Drake Cotterill, who was an ensign in one of the native regiments, and who, by the way, was afterwards killed at Lucknow in the Sepoy rebellion.

This woman was an extraordinary beauty. By the way, there was a picture of her in the Vernon Gallery at one time, and if ever you should happen into Arthur Jule Goodman's studio ask him to show you an etching that was made of it. It is the only one in the country. She was at this time about twenty-four and was of that peculiar and intermediate type which combines some of the distinctive qualities of both blonde and brunette. Her eyes were a deep blue, but her eyebrows were of a warm brown like her hair. Her skin—but what nonsense! She was a picture of English health, if you know what that is, and had the reputation of being something of a coquette. There was a vague understanding in the female circles at headquarters, that she had been packed off to India for a Winter, in order to break up some kind of an affair that had grown out of a London season, and that was in some way obnoxious to the Dowager Cotterill or Sir Francis himself.

It is very certain that the young lady, while in Bombay, did not evince the slightest trace of a blighted heart. She entered the lists at once as a belle, and as her fame had preceded her in the society papers, you can imagine what kind of a social sensation she created in the somewhat sluggish circles of a military post, and especially among the unmarried officers, from the commandant's aids to the corporals. From all accounts it was not her ripe, voluptuous proportions, her Saxon eyes nor her dangerous eyebrows so much as her manner which was an irresistible combination of daintiness and imperialness, high spirits and the *aplomb* of a conscious favorite. That made her specially fascinating.

And the clothes—by Jove! She set all the fashions with her French gowns, the moment she arrived.

It so happened that Boorham Sanger was at the apex of his popularity when she came. She heard his praises on all sides, mingled with intimations of his invincibility, and they met for the first time, at a ball given by the

Governor-General, it was said, in *her honor*. Now, I ought to tell you that with all Sanger's versatility, there was one thing he could not do. He could not flirt. If he was ever serious, it was when he was in the presence of women.

On the other hand, flirting was a fine art with Miss Cotterill. Lieutenant Jack Henshaw's wife said of her, just after the disaster at Caboul that she would rather break a heart than mend an empire.

The result of the meeting of Sanger and Cotterill was that the favorite fell head over heels in love with the belle, and if the female testimony in the case is of any value, she exerted all her craft and all her charms to bring that result about, with no other intention than to add another conspicuous victim to her list.

To come right down to the truth, Miss Cotterill made the one fatal mistake of her life. Of all the men living on the planet at that time, Boorham Sanger was the one that, to use an army expression, she should not have fooled with. Whatever else his English education may have done for him, it had not eradicated certain, dark, Oriental and fatalistic impulses in his blood. He was in stantly captivated by the English woman. It was no flirtation for him, but a strange and terrible passion that stirred the profoundest depths of his nature.

The acquaintance grew into an intimacy with something of the celerity that attends all growth under the Southern sun. Mr. Boorham Sanger, in an incredibly short time, was looked upon by the gossips as the accepted lover of Miss Cotterill, and his male friends understood that upon this subject he would tolerate no witticisms or jokes. So the whole affair was invested with a serious air, that to use Ensign Cotterill's expression "meant business," and he added in his boyish way to Col. Stocking: "And, by Jove! from all I've seen of the fellows outside of the barracks here, Ann couldn't do better. That old opium pirate, Ramlal, says that the fellow owns a province on the Upper Ganges."

When Colonel Stocking went to Caboul on a tour of inspection of the cantonments, a party was made up extra officially to accompany him, and Boorham Sanger and Miss Cotterill were among the company. This must have been a picnic. It is certain that these two people were thrown a great deal together and that Miss Cotterill showed a great deal of favor to Sanger that she did not show to other of her admirers. Everyone that was at all interested in the matter had by that time made up his mind that it was a match. Imagine then the surprise of the fellows in Bombay when the news came—I don't know how, for nobody in India can ever tell how news travels, that Miss Cotterill had refused the favorite. Absolutely, point blank and with contempt.

Astounding as this was, it was nevertheless true. Sanger had formally asked her to be his wife, and she had laughed at him. That he had been led to believe that she would accept him, is to put it mildly. To be told flatly that she would not, that a man who was good enough to flirt with for several months might not be good enough to marry, was something that Sanger was not prepared for, either by nature or by his experience. In the final interview he is said to have acted with the cool courtesy of a cynic and the frankness of a philosopher.

"Let me clearly understand you, Miss Cotterill," he said. "There may be reasons why a man of my blood does not grasp all the peculiarities of English *noblesse oblige* in such an affair as this. Pray be frank with me. You do not love me?"

"No; certainly not."

"But you clearly understood from the first that I loved you."

"My dear sir, you may make love a postulate in every introduction to a woman, but it is not English. I certainly did not give the matter enough attention to notice if you did in my case."

"Then you would not, in any circumstance, marry me?"

"Why, of course not. Pray don't be absurd!"

"But there is no reason why you may not marry some one else?"

"None whatever. But that would be my affair."

"Pardon me, one more question: Would you have treated one of your own countrymen as you have treated me—I mean systematically deceived him?"

"Really, sir," said Miss Cotterill, "you are the only person outside of my own race that I have experimented on. I understood when I came here that you were a sort of woman-killer and a fire-worshiper and all sorts of strange things. Though, to tell you the truth, I don't know wherein the fire-worshipers differ from other men; they appear to be quite as susceptible."

"They differ," said Sanger, "in this. They never play with fire. It is sacred."

Then these extraordinary people shook hands, and parted to be friends, nothing more. In spite of the fact that in less than twenty-four hours it was the theme of every mess and every coterie, and some of the comments that were wafted to Sanger were anything but mollifying to his wounded pride, he preserved the composure of a philosopher, acknowledged that he had been refused, and that he would have to put up with it.

But it appears that under his placid exterior there were simmering the hell fires of revenge. This cool Pagan was capable of concentrating all his faculties on a point, and, as is usual with Orientals, a very small point. If you had ever seen a Brahmin wear a wet cloth over his mouth, and thus render his own life miserable for months, in order to save the life of a hapless living insect that otherwise might have been drawn in with his breath, you would know what the Oriental will is capable of.

Boorham Sanger remained in Bombay several months, and no one observed that Ann Cotterill's refusal had changed the whole course of his life. The Eastern mind, unlike the Western, has not been educated to bend gracefully under the blow of a woman, and Sanger added to the general Eastern characteristics several mental peculiarities of his own.

When the Sepoy troubles came on he disappeared. The English officers said that although pretty thoroughly Anglicized, his inherited Parsee prejudices would not permit him to bear arms. It was said at Calcutta that he had retired to one of the upper interior provinces near the Himalayas, to look after his estates.

But it is now known that he made his way to the Island of Dia, off the Southern coast of the Peninsula of Gujerat, where originally stood the celebrated temple of Sumnat, the sandal wood gates of which were carried off during the first Mohammedan invasion and were brought back six hundred years afterward.

It is in Dia that we find the cradle of Indian Parseeism for it was here that the priests of that sect took refuge during the conquest of Persia by Caliph Omar, and it is here that its traditions, its archives and its rites have been preserved. If you want to know how the subjects of Cyrus and Darius looked you will have to go to Dia, and I dare say that it is here you will have to look for that necromancy which in the old myths is inseparably mixed up with miracles.

At this point in the narrative Nixon thought it was a long time between steins. But as I waved a declination with my hand he called for only

### III.

Three years later and Sanger reappeared in Calcutta as Boorham Sang the Fakir of Mantchooria. He gave an exhibit on before the Governor-General and a company of military and native dignitaries and brought to their attention a number of thaumaturgic splendors that were conceded to be as mysterious as they were novel. Among other things Boorham Sang performed the Fire vision in which a designated person was transported in a flame to a distant spot, a feat which, if the Brahmins are to be believed, had not been accomplished in India since the great Woonam Budji died.

So great an adapt in magic with a social record behind him was sure to receive unusual attention, especially after his reception by the Governor-General, and Boorham Sang went from city to city of British India and

(Continued on next page.)



# THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE,  
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

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The Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

## THE MIRROR FOR THE SUMMER.

Readers of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR who are going out-of-town for the Summer, can have the paper sent on the following terms, by forwarding address and amount to this office:

50 cents for four weeks.

\$1.00 for ten weeks.

\$1.50 for three months.

Postage prepaid.

## ANOTHER VOLUME BEGUN.

THE French philosopher's assertion that nobody notices merit unless attention is called to it finds exemplification in many things, but not in the history of THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR, which, with the present issue, enters upon its Twenty-second volume, or the second half of its eleventh year. Perhaps on the principle that good deeds need to be known, the paper has spoken for itself, and spoken to a constantly widening circle of readers, whose preference implies a value for a representative dramatic journal, that is clear to all eyes.

The business of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR is more than the success of a business enterprise. It is a practical demonstration that the best elements in the theatrical profession are distinct, and that the people of the stage, without regard to class or condition, represent a good paper, which fits itself to their life and their interests. It is also a shining proof that their tastes are not degraded by the flattery, frivolity and fifth rate, by some, are considered the gauge of their intellects and their desires.

Recognizing the fact that power and influence and prosperity are only maintained by honesty of purpose and purity of motive, THE DRAMATIC MIRROR has held to its course firmly and steadily. It has never joined in the vulgar pursuit of sensationalism; it has never descended to infamy; it has never prostituted its columns with the scandals which form the staple of so many sheets that invade the parlors of the drama. It has shown that a bright, readable and useful publication need not depend for support upon prurience, nor cultivate vulgarity for the sake of securing popularity among those of depraved instincts and vicious imaginations.

With the largest dramatic circulation in America; with the most lucrative advertising patronage of any theatrical journal in the world; with the esteem of its readers, and the regard of its respectable contemporaries, THE DRAMATIC MIRROR begins its new volume under the most pleasant auspices.

## BENEFITS EVERYWHERE.

By our out-of-town reports this week it will be seen that in all parts of the country benefits have been arranged, in aid of the Congo sufferers.

Nearly all the companies still on tour have given performances, or are about to do so, while concerts and minstrel entertainments by troupes have contributed to the cause. And thus the spirit of charity which pervades the profession also permeates the stage and the stage our answer. In

every case theatres have been cheerfully donated by local managers.

Many of the out-of-town performances have netted handsomely; indeed, their receipts have been relatively greater than those of the New York benefits, which were sadly disappointing to those that counted on large returns from that source.

It is the practical good-will and generous sympathy of the profession, extended in time of need, as exemplified in the present instance, that endears its members to the popular heart.

## ACT PROMPTLY.

AT this juncture—when play-piracy is rife, and the necessity for immediate and effective legislation to check it must be apparent to all honest men connected with the theatrical business—the following letter from an esteemed actor-manager is so pertinent, that we take especial pleasure in giving it publicity:

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR—Your correspondent at Paducah, Ky., being in Fulton, Ky., on June 3, found a small party of barnstormers doing THE PHOENIX. He kindly wired me at once, and followed his telegram with a letter, inclosing programme, which I send under this cover. This fellow is a new one on me, and calls himself Scott Gunn, and his constellation is billed as Gunn's Ideas. He is bolder than many of his fellow-thieves, for he uses not only my play and its copyrighted title, but my own name as author. Your correspondent sends me the name of a reputable attorney, with the suggestion that I stop the performances. I have just written him that in checking up a few many pups of the Gunn calibre, in the past, I have found my reward in vermin, and the shaking up with legal accompaniment costs bright silver dollar coin of the realm, and as long as the pups and their vermin confine their operations to the cross roads, and do not rise to "push us from our stools," as it were, it is cheaper to let them alone. And this, Mr. Editor, is the plain matter-of-fact reason why play-stealing is steadily growing as a business.

Play-thieves, like other thieves, are absolutely irresponsible, financially, and they know it; and that miserable subterfuge called law, which sends a desperate mother to State's prison for stealing a ham bone to feed her starving children, shields from punishment that professional thief who brazenly robs you of the offspring of your brain and the fruits of a life of toil and industry.

The Theatrical Managers' Association will find in play-piracy a subject for the exercise of their energies, more broad, vital and far-reaching in its viciousness than the odious Inter-State law. I have joined the Association, and such small reach as my poor voice and pen may have shall be devoted to that particular evil. It is a cancer that must have heroic treatment.

I have for years maintained, with THE MIRROR, that the one way to reach the remedy is the passage of a law by Congress making play-stealing, like ham-stealing, a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment. I engage to personally place this subject before the members of Congress from my district, and use my best efforts to enlist his sympathies in our cause. Will the members of the Managers' Association and other owners of dramatic copyrights do as much? Very truly yours,

MILTON NORMAN.

BROOKLYN, June 19, '99.

Mr. NORMAN's statement of the helpless position in which the victims of these piratical depredations find themselves, is an emphatic indication of that which has been said again and again in these columns. Under the present conditions the law is practically valueless as a means of protection. What is needed is the amendment to the Copyright Act, which shall make play-stealing a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment.

That amendment, advocated for years past by THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, would bring play-thieving to an immediate end. The irresponsible scamps who defy civil action, would turn tail when confronted by a criminal penalty. Moreover, the proposed amendment is in a line with the spirit of our copyright law, which now provides punitive damages for infringement.

The United States recognizes the rights of its citizens to literary and dramatic property. It recognizes the tangibility of such products and enacts laws for their protection. These laws are inadequate, as they stand at present. The penalty they inflict for violation is insufficient. Does it not stand to reason, now that this insufficiency is patent, that the legislators should so strengthen these laws that they will accomplish the purpose for which they were framed?

The Managers' Association can do no better work than to take up this matter and push it to an issue without delay. We have received the assurance of its President that action will be taken as soon as the Inter-State question is settled. But we would urge upon the Association the need of prompt effort, in order that relief may be secured before another year has come and gone. As Mr. NORMAN truly says play piracy is a broader and more vital subject for its endeavors than even the unjust Inter-State burdens.

There will be no organized opposition to the proposed amendment in the national legislature when the matter is presented. The worst

obstacle its friends must encounter will be the apathy and procrastination, which a measure that involves neither political nor partizan interest generally meets.

## JOHN GILBERT.

ALTHOUGH expected, the news of JOHN GILBERT's death has sent a throb of grief to many hearts, endeared to the veteran actor by years of pleasant association, either on the stage or in the auditorium.

Mr. GILBERT died full of years and full of honors. For a much longer period than popular players usually remain in active service he had enjoyed the applause and favor of playgoers, occupying a unique position among his contemporaries, and filling a place in the public eye which has been no other actor's privilege in this day.

The representative delineator of "old men"—old men lovable, pathetic, comic, choleric, arrogant, courtly, as the case might be—Mr. GILBERT occupied a place in the regard of New Yorkers which was distinctively his own.

Professionally, he belonged to New York; where his greatest fame was won, and there never was a time when his reappearance in a favorite character did not occasion interest, however diverting the theatrical attractions elsewhere might happen to be.

Mr. GILBERT, in spite of his ripe age, did not lag superfluous on the boards. He virtually died in harness, in the full possession of his remarkable powers to the last. His presence will be missed by thousands who have come to regard his name as the synonym of the best type of old school acting, and it may be long before another actor, as capable of playing the rôles with which his name is inseparably associated, appears on the scene.

## PERSONAL.

ALLISON.—Charles W. Allison intends to spend next season in Europe.

MARTINOT.—Sadie Martinot is in Paris, dividing attention with the Eiffel Tower.

JESSOP.—George H. Jessop will sail from London for this country by the *Servis* on the 29 inst.

LANGTRY.—Mrs. Langtry has settled the suit brought against her by Nadège Doré by the payment of \$200.

BLTYHE.—It is said that Helen Blythe may take the position of leading lady at a city stock theatre next season.

FERGUSON.—W. J. Ferguson has been engaged for a character part—a French gambler—in *Hands Across the Sea*.

MONROE.—Robert B. Monroe, manager of Monroe and Rice's Aunt Bridget company, sailed for Europe on Saturday last.

GOLLAN.—Campbell Gollan is recovering his shattered health among the Vermont hills. He is now rusticated at Well's River.

GRAY.—Ada Gray closed a season of forty-two weeks last Saturday night at Toledo. She begins her next tour on Sept. 9 in Philadelphia.

RATCLIFFE.—The friends of Edward J. Ratcliffe presented him with some handsome floral pieces on his departure for England last Thursday.

HARCOURT.—William Harcourt has been retained by Manager Rockwood to create the leading role in William Gillette's forthcoming military drama.

JACQUES.—Jean Jacques, manager of the Waterbury and Birmingham Opera Houses, was married in Boston on June 4 to Annie Louise Ames.

DRONET.—Robert Dronet, who for two seasons supported Robert Downing, is engaged to play General Delaroché in Paul Kanvar next season.

ARONSON.—Rudolph Aronson will come back from Europe early next month. He is said to have secured the American right of a couple of new operas.

PROHMAN.—Daniel Frohman has abandoned his intention of going to Europe and may be found at his office in the Lyceum Theatre every day this Summer.

HAWORTH.—Joseph Haworth clings to Paul Kanvar. He has bought it outright, and will star in the title role, starting with the early openings in September.

COGHLAN.—The furniture and furnishings of Rose Coghlan's flat, in West Ninety-fifth Street, were sold at auction on Friday last. About \$2,000 was realized.

ROSENQUEST.—On Friday last Manager J. W. Rosenquest paid off the mortgage of \$25,000 held by Hermann, the magician, on the lease of the Bijou Opera House.

AUSTEN.—Ramie Austen is having a life-size picture painted by Colan H. Brooks, representing her in the character she is to assume next season in *Guilty Without Crime*.

ERLE.—Marion Erle, of Nat Goodwin's company, has purchased a large farm at Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California. It contains 25 acres of fruit trees and is situated in a picturesque part of the State.

SHANNON.—J. W. Shannon, who has been confined to his room for the past few weeks with a gouty foot, is now recovering and will be out in a day or two.

MISKA.—Mlle. L. Miska, who has been engaged for the Dark Secret company for next season will sail for Europe next week. She will return in September.

MURRAY.—Randolph Murray is to sail for Europe to-day (Wednesday) on the *Celtic*. He has been engaged for Edgar Selden's *Will o' the Wisp* company for next season.

HOOLEY.—J. M. Hooley, the Chicago manager, arrived in this city on Wednesday last, and returned yesterday (Tuesday). He reports time all filled at his house for next season.

DILLON.—John Dillon, the comedian, will close his season to-night (Wednesday) having played throughout the country for forty consecutive weeks. He will open his next tour on Aug. 13.

EARLE.—Mattie Earle prefers a vacation to a large salary. She was offered the latter by Lewis Morrison to play leading business with him during a Summer season in Frisco, and declined.

DENNIN.—Georgie Dennin, of the Casino company, had her pocketbook stolen in the street by a footpad who snatched it and then ran away. The miscreant was captured and Miss Dennin's property recovered.

COLLYER.—Dan Collyer has brought suit for \$3,900 damages against Herrmann, the magician, who, he claims, engaged him to appear for thirty-nine weeks in King Cole II., and then engaged John Gilbert in his place.

JOHNSON.—Carroll Johnson, formerly of Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels, has been engaged by W. H. Power to star in his new play, *The Fairy's Well*, which is to be produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Sept. 9.

ROWE.—George Fawcett Rowe sails for this city from London on June 20. He will open on Sept. 2, under Charles L. Howard's management. Mr. Rowe has a New York date in October. He will play *Little Em'ly and Brass*.

KENT.—S. Miller Kent will sail for Europe on July 3, on the *City of Berlin*, returning on Aug. 1, to begin rehearsals for *The Great Metropolis*, for which play he has been loaned by Daniel Frohman to Klaw and Erlanger for the New York run.

ROLFE.—Ida Rolfe has come to New York, from Washington, in search of an engagement for next season. Miss Rolfe has played important parts with Modjeska and T. W. Keene, and refers the question of her ability to those well-known stars.

TANNER.—Cora Tanner was surprised last week by a present of two thoroughbred greyhounds, which were sent to her from Toronto. Her manager, George Sammis, has volunteered to officiate as their custodian during her absence in Europe.

SARGENT.—Franklin H. Sargent sailed for Europe on Saturday last on the *Werra*. He will be absent about three months, and will visit the schools of acting of Italy and of Germany, see the Paris Exposition, and deliver a lecture on the Art of Acting, in London.

WHEELLOCK.—Among the list of professional people who were reported to have sailed for Europe on the *Elbe* was the name of Joseph Wheelock. Mr. Wheelock has no intention of going abroad. He is Summering at the Highlands, N. J., where he has a pretty country place.

BURNS.—The drollest piece of acting in Featherbrain at the Madison Square, is contributed by Thomas Burns, whose Mr. Pettigrew has not received half the attention from the press that it deserves. Mr. Burns performance is quietly done, but its humor is irresistible.

MALCOLM.—Florine Malcolm, a clever young actress, who is rapidly rising in her profession, and who is just closing a term with Floy Crowell, has been engaged for the Prescott-McLean company for leading juvenile business. She will be seen next season in *Desdemona*, *Lady Anne* and other prominent parts.

ROSA.—Patti Rosa was presented by her company and friends, on June 1, with a costly and handsome solid silver tea service suitably inscribed. The little lady was taken by surprise, but expressed much gratitude. The presentation took place at the Court Theatre, Liverpool. Miss Rosa sails for this country on the *Alaska* July 6.

BURKELEY.—Mrs. Berkeley and Olive Berkeley have arrived from Europe. Olive was to have played the child's part in *Roger la Honte* at the London Haymarket Theatre on June 1, but the production was postponed until August 31. It is possible that she will return to London in time to play the role after all, as Beerbohm Tree is quite enthusiastic about her ability.

BARRETT.—Lawrence Barrett sailed for Germany on the *Werra* on Saturday last. A delegation of members of the Edwin Forrest Lodge of the Actors' Order of Friendship, headed by Louis Aldrich, presented him with an engrossed address signed by nearly one hundred actors. They also presented him with a beautiful floral token. Mr. Barrett returns in the latter part of August.



## THE USHER.



*Send him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.  
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.*

The loss of John Gilbert, now that the Wallack stock is a thing of the past, has not produced the startling effect which would have followed such an announcement three or four years ago. But there are thousands of playgoers who will sincerely, if not poignantly regret the decease of one who contributed so long and so well to their pleasure.

Mr. Gilbert was not a great artist, nor even a decidedly versatile one, in spite of the wide variety of old men's parts he acted. His personality was delightful and it was largely this charm that concealed from casual view the narrow range of his powers.

He was a model of conscientiousness, in the professional sense, and a monument of thrift and prudence in his private relations. Independent, yet courtly; thoroughly infused with the traditions and the customs of his day, Mr. Gilbert of late years formed a strange contrast to many of his associates—the mushroom growths of what Mr. Winter calls this age of cynical flippancy.

A certain Dr. Haas, having written a play called Marriage Bells, conceived the brilliant idea of producing it. He engaged a special company and rehearsed them for two or three weeks. They were prepared for the performance on May 25, but the author was so unfamiliar with his own lines—he was to play a part himself—that the performance had to be postponed. The 1st of this month was the next date set. When that arrived another postponement—this time *sine die*—was announced.

"All were under more or less expense," writes E. T. Webber, who was one of the cast, "but nobody, from the stage manager down, has received one penny for his time, labor and trouble." Wherefore, Mr. Webber suggests to the profession, that when next Dr. Haas wishes to engage a company to ring his Marriage Bells they shall stipulate, the very first thing, a cash payment in advance.

The Said Pasha company appeared in Omaha on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday last week. The correspondent of this paper writes: "The manager of the company advertised that the first night's receipts would go to the Johnstown sufferers. This, of course, packed the house. The generous public were inclined to overlook the shortcomings of the performance, but when it leaked out that the charitable promise had been violated, and the proceeds were to go the usual way, into the proprietor's pockets, the indignation was intense, and during the rest of their stay the troupe played to empty benches." I trust, for the sake of those most concerned that for once rumor was wrong. The idea that anybody, except the Haas, could use the terrible calamity for purposes of gain, seems almost incredible.

Managers Weaver and Jordan, of Johnstown, lost everything by the flood. They and their families were among those that escaped with their lives. Manager John D. Mishler tells me that they are worthy men, who deserve well of the profession. Their theatre was destroyed and it will be a year or longer before another dramatic performance can be given in the afflicted city.

Messrs. Weaver and Jordan are ruined. While professionals are so nobly doing their share toward the relief of the sufferers, would it not be a gracious and timely thing to help their brethren?

It is commonly said that actors and managers are more charitable to other people than they are to one another. But that isn't true, and here is an excellent opportunity of again proving its falsity.

Contributions sent to THE DRAMATIC MIRROR office will be duly acknowledged and promptly forwarded to Messrs. Weaver and Jordan.

The series of performances in this city for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers proved a grievous disappointment, financially considered. The refusal of the Police Commissioners to place the sale of tickets in the hands of the bluecoats, paralyzed the hopes of the Entertainment Committee. But even as it was, the receipts failed to come up even to moderate expectation. One reason for this was the hot weather; another was the haste with which the benefits were

projected; a third was the general unattractiveness of the bills provided and, finally, public sympathy in the terrible calamity had already exhausted itself in the direction of direct donations of money. The profession, as usual, showed its characteristic spirit of charity and helpfulness on this occasion, and although the results were small the sentiment which actuated their cooperation in the good work was large.

## IN THE COURTS.

## THE GILLIG-BARRETT SUIT.

Henry F. Gillig, the former manager of the American Exchange in Europe, Limited, has come out ahead thus far in his suit against Lawrence Barrett to recover a share of the profits of the Booth-Barrett combination of the past season. This suit arose over the financial transactions which they had several years ago, when Mr. Barrett was in need of funds. Mr. Gillig claims that these transactions were all had with him personally and not in his capacity as representative of the Exchange, and that he secured large advances for Mr. Barrett for which he was to receive ten per cent. of his net earnings in the Booth-Barrett combination. He declares that there are many thousand dollars due him still under this agreement.

Mr. Barrett denied that any such agreement had been entered into and insisted that all his dealings had been had with Mr. Gillig in his capacity as manager of the Exchange, and that the entire indebtedness had been paid several years ago. When the case came before Judge Lawrence at Special Term, it was agreed by the counsel that if the Judge found that the dealings had been between Mr. Barrett and Mr. Gillig personally then a reference should be ordered to investigate the case. The Judge decides that the letter of February 10, 1885, written by Mr. Barrett to Henry F. Gillig, as general manager of the American Exchange in Europe, Limited, was as matter of law, a contract with Mr. Gillig personally, and not with the Exchange. The court suggested that the parties agree upon a referee to try the case.

## DANIEL COLLYER SUES HERRMANN.

Professor Adolph Herrmann, the magician, who has had so much trouble over his management of the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, will be compelled to defend an action at law just instituted in the Supreme Court by Daniel Collyer, the comedian, through his counsel, Messrs. Howe and Hummel. Mr. Collyer complains that he was engaged by the professor to take the leading role in King Cole, for a season of thirty-nine weeks, at a salary of \$100 per week. When Collyer had made all preparations to join the company, he was notified that his part would be filled by John Gilbert. Now he wants Mr. Herrmann to pay him \$3,900 damages, for having failed to carry out the contract.

## EPICUREAN MRS. LANGTRY.

Gustave Broche, the chef who is suing Mrs. Langtry in the City Court to recover \$318, alleged to be due for his services as cook and caterer for that lady, was examined before Referee Adolph L. Sanger last week, before the trial of the suit in open court. When he entered the employ of Mrs. Langtry he made a contract with her to purchase all the supplies for \$15 per day for her table. He soon discovered, however, that this allowance did not begin to meet the requirements of the bill of fare daily called for by Mrs. Langtry. She demanded all the delicacies, including hot-house grapes, and all the game, in and out of season.

The hearing of the case in court will be had in the latter part of this month.

## ORPHEUS SOCIETY INCORPORATED.

The Orpheus Society filed its certificate of incorporation in the office of the County Clerk last week. It is organized for social, musical and recreative purposes, and especially for the education of its members in the study and rendition of vocal music and the development of the art of concerted singing. The directors for the first year are: Andrew Carnegie, Ex-Judge William G. Choate, Fred. R. Coudert, George W. Ballou, Charles A. Appleton, Grosvenor Lowery, Edward D. Adams, Frank Roosevelt, Charles H. Leland, John J. Riker, Edward Lyman Short, Charles Parsons Jr., Robert Center, Hoffman Miller, Disney Robinson, Almet R. Latson, James R. Strong, Charles H. Taylor, Alexander White, Charles R. Scarborough and Frederick Redall.

## NO CONTRACT PROVEN.

A case suggestive of the golden age of simplicity and integrity came up before Justice Deane in the Third District Court on Tuesday last. The contending parties were Joseph P. Clark and wife vs. Frank Charvat. Mr. Clark in court testified that he did not demand a written contract from Manager Charvat because he considered the latter's word as good as his bond. Mr. Clark and his wife testified that they "considered" they had made an engagement for forty-two weeks, "thought" such was the contract and "understood" such as binding upon the company. This admission on the part of Mr. Clark was sus-

tained by all the witnesses *pro and con* as to the worth and character of Manager Charvat. The plaintiff and his wife "considered" that when the season of the Ullie Akerstrom company closed at Haverhill, Mass., they were to go with the company upon the Summer tour. When Manager Charvat informed them that their services were needed no further they thought they had an action against him. Manager Charvat testified that no contract was made with Clark and his wife for forty-two weeks. They were engaged for the season at \$55 per week. The season closed May 11, 1889.

The case was ably contested by the attorneys on both sides, but as Mr. Clark had no cause of action, and the defendant, having been fully sustained by his witnesses, Judge Deane gave judgment in favor of Manager Charvat.

## THE S. P. C. C. AGAIN.

Harry Webber, who played with his company in Uncle Tom's Cabin, at the Third Avenue Theatre last week, gave to a DRAMATIC MIRROR reporter the following account of his difficulties with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

"This little girl here," said Mr. Webber, "is my daughter, Carrie, who takes great delight in playing the part of Topsy. She is to be an actress, someday, but in the meantime we are looking after her education as well as her stage career, and she has spent the past two years at school in Chicago. On Sunday, June 9, we endeavored to obtain permission for Ethel Clifford to play Eva during our New York engagement, but were refused on the ground that no children under sixteen are allowed to perform in public. We accordingly substituted Aimee Heinecke, a young girl of the requisite age.

"On Monday or Tuesday the society sent two persons to the Third Avenue Theatre, who saw a boy about seven years of age entering the stage-door. I was accordingly served with a warrant, and had to appear at Jefferson Market Police Court on Wednesday during the afternoon when I should have been acting at the matinee. I told Judge Gorman that I had not engaged the boy, and that he was brought to the theatre by one of these enumeraries, but the agent of the society held that the fact of the child being allowed to appear on the stage, even without the manager's knowledge, made me liable to the fullest extent of the law. On Friday afternoon a final hearing was given, in which Mr. Edwards, business manager of the Third Avenue Theatre, was also made a party to the defense. But he and I were held in bonds of \$300 to appear at General Sessions.

So much for the legal aspect of the case. Now for the inconsistency of the society's action, I have this to say. During a subsequent conversation with the society's agent he stated that there was no objection to a child playing Eva, although permission had been refused in my case. He said that the society particularly objected to a child performing in a part that involved singing and dancing. The agent was then asked if Carrie would be allowed to continue the part of Topsy, from which she had been removed on Wednesday afternoon upon the mandate of the society, provided she omitted all singing and dancing she had to do in the part. In reply to my question the agent gave it as his opinion that she had better be kept out of the piece. Now, for the benefit of the various managers who require stage children in their productions would it not be equitable to have a definite law on the subject without leaving the matter entirely to the Society's discrimination?"

## A RAILROAD CONCESSION.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad surprised the theatrical profession very agreeably last Thursday by sending out the following notice to the theatrical agencies:

Until further notice theatrical, and other parties of ten or more persons, traveling together on one ticket, will be transported over these lines between stations located thereon at the rate of twenty cents per mile per capita (with a minimum rate of twenty-five cents), tickets being good for continuous passage only.

J. M. SCHRYVER, Assistant General Ticket Agent.  
Approved: CHARLES O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

It is said that permission to take this action has been accorded the company by the Interstate Commission. The Theatrical Managers' Association, who are working for this very object, felt very much elated over this concession.

ROBERT B. MONROE and Bernard Dyllan sailed for Europe last Thursday on the *Wieland*. Mr. Monroe, who intends to visit Paris and other large cities on the continent, will be on the lookout for novelties that will add to the attractions of his My Aunt Bridget company. The cast engaged for this musical comedy organization next season comprises George W. Monroe, John C. Rice, Lena Merville, Catherine Lingard, Mrs. E. M. Post, Catherine Gerald, Lena Saffi, Carlotta Saffi, Leo Gordon, Bernard Dyllan, John J. Raffael, James Cavanaugh, Gustave Williams, Victor Goode, Reuben Walsh, James Fort and the Westminster Madrigal Boys.

## PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

HARRY C. CLARKE has entirely recovered from his recent illness.

VIRGINIA NELSON has been re-engaged for Maggie Mitchell's company.

ULLIE AKERSTROM will open at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on August 12.

GYPSY ALCOFF, a bright little soubrette, has signed to go with J. K. Emmett next season.

GEORGE WESSELLS has been especially engaged for the role of Gourock in Paul Kaurar.

CHARLES L. HOWARD will open the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Street Theatre on Sept. 9.

MARY MADDERN has been engaged by Gus Pitou for Robert B. Mantell's company next season.

The fiftieth performance of Clover will take place at Palmer's Theatre on next Tuesday evening.

ROBERT M. HALL, with Fanny Davenport last season, has been engaged for Rose Coghlan's company.

ELEANOR LANE and C. J. Bell have been engaged for Rosina Vokes' Comedy company for next season.

WALLACE P. KEEFER has been re-engaged as business manager by Ada Gray. He has been with her two seasons.

EUGENE BERTRAM and Bassett Willard have closed their Spring and Summer season with The Main Line company.

ERNESTINE BEWER and Marie Louise Day have signed with Evans and Hoey's Parlor Match company for next season.

A SPECIALTY company, to be called the Royal Alhambra company, will be put on the road next season by John S. Moulton and Charles G. Amisden.

MARK W. DAVIS gave a Johnstown benefit at his Washington Street Opera House, Rome, N. Y., on Tuesday night of last week. The entertainment realized \$175.

W. E. BELLMER has leased Myers' Opera House at Defiance, Ohio. He is the superintendent of the gas works there, and formerly managed the theatre at Carlinville, Ill.

KATE CLAXTON has met with such success in Boston that her engagement has been extended to three weeks. On Monday night she opened in The World Against Her.

MESSRS. SPARROW AND JACOBS have tendered to their attachés two complimentary benefits, the performances to be given on the afternoon and evening of July 1 (Dominion Day).

PERCIVAL T. GREENE, manager of the Academy of Music at Toronto, will come to New York on Thursday, to book attractions for next season. Mr. Greene will stop at the Coleman House.

A CONCERT was given on Sunday night at the Baltimore Academy by the Thompson Opera company. The gross receipts, \$1,091.50, were donated to the cause by Manager P. Short and W. A. Thompson.

STEWART ALLEN, who was with the Florence Hamilton company during the past year, has been engaged by Manager Macoy to act the part of Baxter in the Silver King, when the season opens at Milwaukee on Aug. 25.

BRANCH O'BRIEN has been engaged by Gustave Frohman to go in advance of Charles Bowser in Check. The season will open in August. The route will take in all the large cities to New Orleans and over to the Pacific coast.

J. F. BRIEN has been engaged as business manager of W. J. Fleming's Around the World in Eighty Days company. He reports that he is securing better time and better terms for that organization. Mr. Brien has also taken full charge of the booking of the new play, Loyalty.

JOSH E. OGDEN, the business manager of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre, reports that he is booking some of the best attractions for his house and his Virginia circuit. Mr. Ogden is also booking time and making all the arrangements for the tour of Among the Pines, which Katherine Coleman takes out next season.

DUNCAN B. HARRISON, in making his leap into the tank in The Paymaster at Dubuque, Ia., on the 8th inst., broke his ankle. His part was subsequently taken by an understudy. This is the third mishap which Mr. Harrison has sustained in leaping into the tank, but they do not seem to daunt him in the least from playing the title-part in his successful melodrama.

A BENEFIT will be given to James Adams and Henry Lipphart of Tony Pastor's Theatre, at that house on next Saturday evening. Among those who will assist are: Pat Rooney, James F. Hoey, Stuart Dare, Mrs. Dare, Kaye and Henry, Roger Dolon and wife, Sherman and Morrissey, Casey and Howard, Lester and Allen, Annie Hart, Ed. French, Katie Hart, the Original Big Four, and others.

GUS KAHN has engaged the following people for the English success, Hands Across the Sea, the tour of which, in this country, will begin in Philadelphia on Sept. 2: Gus Levick, W. J. Ferguson, John C. Buckstone, formerly of Wallack's stock company, Edna Carey and Percy Haswell. Following the Philadelphia engagement the play will be presented at the Standard Theatre in this city for a run of five weeks.



## AT THE THEATRES.

## WINDSOR.—FOR HIS NATURAL LIFE.

A melodrama, adapted from an Australian novel by Marcus Clark, was presented to a friendly audience on Monday night at the Windsor Theatre. John A. Stevens has appeared in a play from this source, and the late Mrs. Mary Fiske made use to some extent of the same novel for her drama, called Philip Herne. The plot deals with the venerable device of having a murder committed and then arranging the circumstances so that an innocent man is made to suffer the consequences of another's crime. In the present instance the accused, in order to shield his mother's honor, suffers himself to go in silence in transportation to Australia. The real murderer, who is also a convict under another name, escapes and reaches England, where he assumes the other convict's name and inheritance. Finally, the innocent man also escapes to England just in time to confront the real villain, to be restored to his mother and to his estate, and be married to the girl he had saved from improper treatment at the hands of the brutal Governor, in Australia.

There are plenty of side plots of villainy and sensational situations worked into the piece in patchwork fashion. Coarseness, slang and cockneyism run riot from beginning to end. There are some good situations, but nothing to redeem the general blood-and-thunder quality of the piece.

The part of Josh Graves, the old butler, was played by Inigo Tyrrell, an Australian actor, who is partly responsible for the adaptation. His acting is on a par with the piece itself. Percy Weldon as Richard Devine did some very fair work. Charles Patterson as James North also showed ability, and Charles Warren was fairly good as the villainous Governor. Alma Strong was handsome, though somewhat stagey, as Sarah Parroy. Pretty Minnie Kerselle acted the part of Sylvia Vickers very creditably, while Agnes Hallock imparted much artistic treatment to the role of Lady Devine. The scenery was poor and the stage effects of the antique order.

## GRAND.—CHIMES OF NORMANDY.

The first two weeks of English opera at the Grand Opera House were well patronized by west side theatrogoers. The audience, however, that assembled on Monday night to see the initial performance of *The Chimes of Normandy* was somewhat diminished in size and largely abated in enthusiasm. It would thus appear that Planquette's familiar strains are not all powerful at the box-office. At all events, the first rendering of the opera did not deserve much public approval. The performance seemed little better than a dress rehearsal. The orchestra played with an uncertainty that was painfully evident, and the chorus at times came very near floundering.

Lois Fuller, who assumed the role of Serpentine, was sprightly and amusing. She sang passably well, although not endowed with any too much voice. It was noticeable that her antics and dancing smattered of burlesque and the variety stage, but vivacity of any kind was gladly welcomed at the Monday night performance. Athalie Claire was a creditable Germaine. She frequently sang flat in the first act, but improved as the opera progressed. Frank Baxter as Jean Grenichoux was very uneven. Gifted with a splendid tenor voice, he frequently sings off the key in a manner that is simply excruciating. His best work, from an artistic standpoint, was his singing while fastened in the arms during the second act. Edward Connell used his powerful voice to advantage in the role of Henri. Harry Brown rather overdid the part of Gaspard, but won considerable applause in the second act. Next week, *Faust*.

## THIRD AVENUE.—AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.

An American Princess, with Jennie Calef in the title role, was presented to a large and appreciative audience at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night. The play was well cast, and Miss Calef as the Princess O'Shammessey was the recipient of well-merited applause. She is a pretty and bright coquette. Her whistling and dancing were quite charming, although it is rather "crowding the mourners" to have such an antique budget of songs as "White Wings," "Uncle Ned," "The Merry Little Mountain Maid," "Down on the Swanne River," and "Nearer My God to Thee," all thrown at you in one play. Mr. Waldron was capital as Dennis O'Shammessey, and the entire company rendered efficient support. Mickey, the Pet Bear, looked and acted his part to perfection, but the "make-up" of some of the other characters was very poor. If Segwun, "the hunter," would learn how to handle a rifle, and Dick Trotter, the assassin, were to look more like a brigand and less like a baboon, it would be a decided improvement.

## KOSTER AND MAL'S.—VARIETY.

Koster and Mal's patrons are offered a pleasing attraction this week in the form of Ray Howard's Burlesque company. The bill is a lengthy one, consisting of Pete Mack,

in an Ethiopian monologue; Keller, a really wonderful contortionist; Harry Morris in Teutonic specialties; Keating and Flynn, a black-face dance team; Harrigan, the juggler, and May Howard, a pretty and clever serio-comic. There are also two burlesque farces styled *A Roman Fete* and *Three-Card Monte*, in which the entire company take part. Next week, Monte Cristo, Jr., with Louise Searle as Edmund Dantes.

## AT OTHER HOUSES.

Dockstader's Minstrels have taken possession of the Twenty-third Street Theatre for what is advertised as a "short Summer engagement." The term is probably contingent on the duration of popular favor and a low thermometer.

The manager of *A Midnight Bell* will finally consent to allow the Bijou to close for the season at the end of next week.

There is no reason why Featherbrain should not remain at the Madison Square all Summer, should this attraction continue to draw the large audiences that assemble nightly to see the sprightly acting of Minnie Maddern in the title role.

The Equine Paradox is a "trump" card at the Academy of Music, where Prof. Bartholomew gives an excellent horse entertainment every afternoon and evening, except Sunday.

Comic Operas—like the poor—are always with us, at this time of the year. The O'lah at the Broadway, the Brigands at the Casino, and Clover at Palmer's Theatre were all worth attending. It is simply a question of paying your money and taking your choice.

## SEATTLE WILL RISE AGAIN.

The awful loss of life by the Conemaugh flood has dwarfed other disasters throughout the country, which would have been more conspicuous had they occurred at any other time. The recent conflagration at Seattle, the flourishing city on the shore of Puget Sound, where between fifty and sixty millions of property was swept away, is one of the lesser calamities that have occurred since Johnstown's misfortune.

The enterprise and grit of the energetic business men of Seattle, has never been more signally displayed, for they were too proud and self-reliant to appeal for aid while the sympathy of the nation was drawn to the common focus of the Conemaugh Valley. Seattle will be rebuilt immediately, and its authorities will provide that no frame shanties will be allowed to go up to endanger the substantial blocks of brick and stone that will compose the new city.

Under date of June 11, Mr. J. Y. Terry, the *Musson* correspondent at Seattle, writes as follows:

"I am sorry to announce that there will be no more dramatic news from this city for some time to come. Frye's Opera House and the Standard and Bijou Theatres were destroyed in the great conflagration that swept away the major part of the business portion of Seattle on the 6th inst. Frye's Opera House was the finest north of San Francisco, the original cost having been \$125,000. The house had a seating capacity of 1,400. Mr. Frye had but recently refitted the theatre with additional scenery, preparatory to the appearance of Modjeska who was billed for the 10 inst. with the Booth-Burrett company.

"Mr. Frye has called for bids to rebuild and the new theatre will be much larger and handsomer in every respect than the one destroyed. James W. Smith and F. H. Wadleigh, of the Bijou, and John Cort, of the Standard are all heavy losers, but nothing daunted, they will rebuild at once, and ere long Seattle will regain her reputation as the best theatrical town of its size in the United States."

## MR. WOODALL'S ALLEGED DEATH.

Last week, *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* announced that a letter had been received from Walter B. Woodall, of T. J. Farron's company, whose death had been chronicled in these columns on May 18, conveying the pleasing intelligence that he was still on this mundane sphere. It gives *THE MUSSON* extreme pleasure to congratulate Mr. Woodall on having eluded the ruthless rider of the pale horse, and the relentless ferryman of the dark river. It remains only to be stated that *THE MUSSON* correspondent at Cohoes, N. Y., a gentleman who is scrupulously exact in all his reports, had the authority of the *Troy Evening Standard* of May 3, for Mr. Woodall's alleged death. The correspondent states that the names of Mr. Woodall and his wife (Laura Booth) appeared on the programme in *Help* when it was presented at Cohoes, on May 8, but that neither of them were with the company on that night. This fact naturally led to the belief that the article in the *Standard*, announcing Mr. Woodall's death was true.

This article stated that Mr. Woodall was ailing with typhoid fever, and had been attended by Dr. Colburn, at the Everett House, in Troy, where the actor was stopping. The physician advised Mrs. Woodall to have her husband removed to the hospital at once, but the patient refused. The article then concludes: "Mr. Woodall became much worse

after playing Thursday night, and as he would not go to the hospital his wife decided to take him to the home of her father, who is a minister in Wilmington, Del. Mrs. Farron and his agent paid the hotel and doctor's bills and got the dying actor a parlor car passage to Wilmington. Yesterday a dispatch was received here from Mrs. Woodall, stating that her husband was dead."

The matter now rests with the *Troy Standard*, as to the authenticity of the dispatch, announcing Mr. Woodall's death.

## OBITUARY.

## JOHN GILBERT.

John Gilbert, the noted actor, died at Boston, Mass., on Monday afternoon. Mr. Gilbert left New York in the latter part of May on his way to his Summer residence at Manchester-by-the-Sea. On his arrival in Boston he felt so indisposed that his wife prevailed upon him to stop over at the house of her brother, Mr. Clark, at 45 Rutland Street. Dr. H. M. Jernigan was sent for without delay, and, after a thorough examination of the patient, found that he was suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys, in addition to which his case was aggravated by an attack of pneumonia in the right lung. Under the circumstances the physician had but little hope of prolonging his life beyond a short period, and informed his family of his critical condition. Mr. Gilbert, himself, however, was not told of his dangerous condition until a few days before his death. His strong system successfully withstood the attack of pneumonia, but succumbed to the general congestion caused by the progress of his kidney complaint. He remained conscious until about three minutes previous to his death, which he met with courageous fortitude. The funeral is to take place in Boston on Thursday at one o'clock p. m., and the burial will be at Forest Hills Cemetery in the family lot.

John Gilbert, whose real name was Gibbs, was born on Feb. 27, 1810, at Boston next door to the house in which Charlotte Cushman first saw the light of day. His father died when he was a child, and at the age of fourteen he was placed in a local dry goods store where he served an apprenticeship of over four years. At the Boston High School, where he received his education, he had excelled in recitations, notably in selections from *The Iron Chest* and *Venice Preserved*. After some experience in private theatricals, he recited before a committee of theatrical judges, and was pronounced worthy of a public appearance. Accordingly, he was given an opportunity to make his professional debut as Jaffier in *Venice Preserved*, at the Old Tremont Theatre on Nov. 28, 1828. It is recorded that he achieved quite a triumph on this occasion, but was afraid to go home after the performance for fear of his mother's displeasure, as she was opposed to his going on the stage. She finally gave her consent, however, and he soon afterwards appeared as Sir Edward Mortimer in *The Iron Chest* and Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*.

After he had satisfied the management that he was not destined to be a great tragic star, he settled down into a stock actor at the sumptuous salary of three dollars a week. Dissatisfied with his lowly condition, young Gilbert sought an engagement with James H. Caldwell, and made his appearance at New Orleans in 1829, as Sir Frederick Vernon, in *Rob Roy*. Soon after this event he made a hit in the impersonation of an old man, in an obsolete play called *The May Queen*. Subsequently he traveled for a period of five years in the Western and Southwestern theatres, part of the time managing a company, and cheerfully enduring the many hardships that actors were submitted to at that period.

In 1834 he returned to Boston and accepted an engagement with the Tremont Theatre company at a salary of \$18 a week. Among his associates were Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin Forrest, James W. Wallack, Charlotte Cushman, Tyrone Power and Ellen Tree. His acting in the character of Old Dornton firmly established his reputation as an impersonator of old men's parts. After spending a year under Hamblin's management at the Old Bowery, he returned to Boston to play at the Tremont Theatre until 1832. During the next two years he acted at the National Theatre, and then managed the theatre in Federal Street for a short time.

In 1845 Mr. Gilbert crossed the ocean and joined the company of the Princess Theatre in London, where he was engaged to represent the parts of old men in standard comedies. His first appearance abroad was as Sir Richard Bramble in *The Poor Gentleman*, a part in which he achieved a most gratifying success.

On his return to America in 1848, Mr. Gilbert was engaged by Hamblin for the New York Park Theatre. His last performance at that house was in the part of Admiral Kingston in *Naval Engagements* the evening before the theatre was destroyed by fire after a few months of unsuccessful management. He finished the season at the old Bowery, where he played in various dramatizations by Lester

Wallack from novels of the elder Dux. will following season he accepted an engagement at the Howard Athenaeum in Boston from 1851 to 1854 acted in Philadelphia, acting there at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Master Walter in *The Hunchback*. He delivered the address at the opening of the Boston Theatre in September, 1854, and acted that house until 1857, when he returned to Philadelphia to become a member of the company at the Arch Street Theatre.

In 1862 he began his long and successful career in Lester Wallack's company, at house on the corner of Thirteenth Street Broadway, now known as the Star. The opening play was *The School for Scandal*, with Mrs. Hoey as Lady Teazle, Lester Wallack as Charles Surface, Charles Fisher as Joseph Surface and John Gilbert as Sir Peter Teazle. Mr. Gilbert thereafter acted "first old man" characters in the extensive list of pieces produced at this house, a line of work in which he was unexcelled. When Lester Wallack took possession of the new theatre erected for him on the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth Street (now known as Palmer's), Mr. Gilbert retained his position as first old man and stage manager of the company.

On December 5, 1878, he was tendered a complimentary benefit at Wallack's Theatre, when he appeared in the screen scene from *The School for Scandal*. It is needless to say that the ovation was heartfelt and enthusiastic. The last performance of the Wallack stock company as an organization, was in the same piece on May 5, 1888. The cast comprised John Gilbert, Rose Coghlan, Madame Ponisi, Harry Edwards and Osmond Tearle. The company disbanded in Brooklyn on May 14.

Mr. Gilbert acted Polonius in the famous star performance of *Hamlet*, at the benefit given to Lester Wallack at the Metropolitan Opera House, on May 21, 1888. His last appearance in New York occurred on Nov. 10, 1888, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, when he appeared as Sir Anthony Absolute in *The Rivals*, with the company of Joseph Jefferson. He subsequently appeared with the same company in Brooklyn and Boston, where the season closed. He was under engagement to play in Mr. Jefferson's combination next season, and may thus be said to have virtually died in harness. Mr. Gilbert was twice married. His first wife was an actress of some note who died in 1866. He afterward married Sarah H. Gavett, who survives him. His home in New York was at the Winchester Flats. On Feb. 27, 1888, a dinner was given to Mr. Gilbert at the Lambs' Club on the occasion of his seventy-eighth birthday, and among those who delivered speeches were Lester Wallack, Judge Brady and Charles A. Dana.

With the death of John Gilbert passes away the last actor who embodied and truly represented the old comedy school in this country. It would be difficult to find an actor even in England who could perform as wide a range of "old men" as admirably as he did. His acting was marked by dignity of bearing, perfection of speech, grace of gesture, sobriety of style, and artistic genuineness. He wore the dress of the last century with exquisite ease, and his Sir Peter Teazle was a master-piece of old-fashioned acting. In brief, John Gilbert was a very fine actor, and a thorough gentleman, of the old school, on and off the stage.

## SEDLEY BROWN'S LUCK.

Pine Meadows, Sedley Brown's new play, which was produced at the Madison Square Theatre last Friday afternoon, meeting with considerable success, has been purchased outright by Joseph Arthur.

"The sum paid for the play is a good round one," said Mr. Brown to a *Musson* reporter, "and one that is satisfactory to both of us. I recognize the fact that Mr. Arthur is a manager of the first class, who will give the play a run in New York and a presentation in other principal cities of the country. In coming to terms, the latter was a very important consideration. I did not care to have the piece knocked around in one-night stands, but in such hands as Mr. Arthur's I am very glad to put it. I appreciate the fact that I am not a Bronson Howard, and confess that I did not receive a Bronson Howard figure for my play. But that I should have sold it so soon after production, is evidence to me that I am to be highly congratulated on the success of its presentation. All of the ladies and gentlemen in the cast did nobly, and I am glad to be able to give them the recognition they deserve."

CHICKERING HALL held an interested assemblage on Sunday evening last, who listened to George Francis Train's unique discourse and heard Mr. Griswold, the popular "Pat Contributor" and efficient editor of *Texas Siftings*, give his clever, humorous lecture, "A Trip Around the World." The stereopticon sketches by Thomas Worth were especially fine, and the audience gave frequent and unmistakable evidence of their appreciation during the evening.



## THE LADY OF FIRE.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

unlike a conqueror. His modesty, his reticence and his polished manners won for him a recognition that no mere professional magician—with all due respect to the present company—could hope to secure.

After creating a great deal of talk Boorham Sang went to England for a season with letters of introduction to a number of dignitaries and savants, and although he gave no exhibitions of his skill to the public, he performed before the Queen, and thereafter was invited to reveal his Oriental magic in the drawing-rooms of a score of the wealthiest and most influential people. The popular belief that he was an Indian Prince of enormous wealth and disinclined to exhibit his power for money was intensified by his habits and reticence.

When he came back from England to Bombay he had been preceded by the accounts in the *Court Journal* and other society papers, and he returned as a social lion.

Ann Cotterill married young Lord Mountford of the Royal Engineers just two weeks before, and the smoke of the wedding feasts had barely cleared away when the Fakir of Mantchooria appeared on the scene with a retinue of strange servants and prepared to set up a magnificent, private establishment and play the part of a private gentleman of leisure. One of the first things he did was to make the acquaintance of Lieutenant Mountford of the Engineers, and that young man, being rather impressionable, was easily and speedily won to believe that Boorham Sang, as he was now called, was one of the best fellows in the world. He was taken to that young officer's swell quarters, where he met Mrs. Mountford now in the heyday of her beauty and popularity, and where their acquaintance was renewed without any reference to the past and with the heartiest and apparently the sincerest felicitations on the part of Sang, whose passion had evidently all died out, for he took occasion to have her understand that he now regarded her with the safest kind of respect and had given his life to the investigation of occult philosophy.

Subsequent events prove beyond all doubt that Boorham Sang had calculated every incident and contingency of this intimacy with the one purpose in view of accomplishing an unparalleled revenge.

How well he succeeded was shown in the implicit confidence reposed in him by the Lieutenant and his wife. He was an honored and trusted guest at their house. He even instructed Mrs. Mountford in some of the minor secrets of necromancy so that she was enabled to amuse and astonish her guests. During all this time, it may have been for three or four months, Boorham Sang led an unexceptionable and rather ascetic life. Shut up for a great part of the time in his own mysterious residence with his servants, who came, it was said, from Thibet beyond the mountains, it was supposed that he was pursuing his investigations.

This was so far true that it was afterward found on an official examination that the house had been fitted with a laboratory and work rooms in which had been left a quantity of highly combustible material whose substance was unknown, and also a number of curious tools for working in steel.

In the winter of that year, young Lord Mountford, by means of personal influence, had received the appointment to some kind of influential position in one of the provinces and was to move there in the Spring, his wife going home to England for a long visit. Just about this time occurred one of those droughts and consequent famine and suffering among the natives of the interior, which haply have become rare with the extension of the railroad. Lord Mountford was very anxious to stand well in the hearts of the people he was going among, and he was one of the most influential of the British residents in Bombay in organizing schemes of charity.

Thus it came about that his wife suggested to him in a luckless hour that it would be a capital idea to get the Fakir of Mantchooria to give one of the strangely brilliant entertainments, which had so dazzled the English people, and which would be sure to result in a handsome benefit for the suffering natives. Lord Mountford instantly suggested that his wife should secure his services if possible.

When the lady proposed the benefit to Boorham Sang, he very modestly suggested that she was overestimating his ability to amuse the public. He doubted the success of her scheme unless it was made a social affair, and the Governor-General took it under his patronage. Mrs. Mountford instantly assumed that this was feasible and volunteered to be responsible for its success.

"Perhaps," said Boorham Sang, "it would be well for this occasion to do the great and almost forgotten feat—certainly the most fascinating and wonderful in the range of necromantic skill, of the Priestess of Flame. If I could get a beautiful lady to assist in the illusion, I think I would consent to give the exhibition, mainly because it has not been done in our time and belongs to the forgotten lore of the old Chaldean priests."

Mrs. Mountford's woman's curiosity was piqued, and she promised to find the volunteer.

## IV.

In 18—, an announcement was posted on Fort William and along the *maiden* in Calcutta to the effect the Great Fakir of Mantchooria, at the special request of a hundred British residents, headed by the name of Lady Mountford, would give an entertainment in behalf of the sufferers from famine in Kandahar, and on this occasion would be performed for the first time in a hundred years the resplendent Parsee illusion known as "The Lady of Fire."

Boorham Sang had had possession of the spacious hall in the Chauringhi quarter for two weeks, perfecting his apparatus and the tickets were all sold at a guinea apiece. It was expected to be one of the most notable assemblages seen in Calcutta for a generation; or at least since the Nawab of Bengal took possession of the place. It was not alone the reputation of The Fakir that aroused public interest in the affair. Lady Mountford at the last moment, rather than have the entertainment a failure, and seeing that Boorham Sang had set his heart on the Parsee illusion, had volunteered to become his assistant in the final and much-talked-of feat. To allay her nervousness he went to her house and rehearsed her in the part she was to play, which after all was not an arduous one for she had but to remain seated and passive on a kind of throne while the magician worked his wonders.

On the night of the performance the immense theatre was filled by the Indian dignitaries and the society of Calcutta. Never before had there been so many uniforms in the place or so many handsome women. The band from Fort William played "God Save the Queen" and Boorham Sang in the robes of an Oriental hierophant, bowed to the brilliant assemblage and thanked the distinguished ladies in the boxes who had honored him with their confidence and patronage. He would he said exhibit to them the white and black magic of different ages and climes and end all by the beautiful illusion of the Lady of Fire in which finale he would have the assistance of one of the most honored as well as the most beautiful lady in Hindoostan.

The curtain then rose and discovered a stage glittering with paraphernalia. Every available space was crowded with the tawdry insignia and the appurtenances of a showy trickster.

He performed the Chinese trick of growing an orange from a seed before their eyes; he transmuted lead into gold in the hands of his observers; he executed the famous basket trick of the Indians, and even entertained them with the then unknown art of mind-reading. When he came to the last of these preliminary exhibitions and there was a moment's intermission before the grand feat of the evening was executed, the band played "Annie Laurie," and Boorham Sang announced that it was impossible to gratify them with this most beautiful exhibition of thaumaturgic art without the assistance of a beautiful woman, and he took great pleasure in informing them that a distinguished volunteer had been gracious enough to lend him her presence.

There was a loud clapping of hands and every eye was turned to the Governor-General's box, where was seated the beautiful Lady Mountford.

A moment later she appeared upon the stage in full dress, her white neck and shoulders gleaming round and matchless in the glare of the lights. Thousands of admiring voices met her with acclaim, and Lieut. Mountford, thrilled with pride as he witnessed the effect of her beauty upon the assemblage.

The attendants moved a platform down the stage to within a yard of the footlights. They placed it in position with great difficulty, but it was finally arranged. A heavy gilded chair was placed upon it, and Boorham Sang led the lady with Oriental obsequiousness to the seat. He then begged his audience to be patient and calm. The ceremonial that he was about to show them would fail unless he had their coöperation. They were not to be surprised at anything they saw, and on no account to leave their seats until the illusion had vanished. Thus admonished, they were upon the edge of expectation. Some moments were occupied in mumbo-jumbo, and necromantic flourishes, the lady meantime smiling languidly at the many friends in front and fanning herself with a Soudan fan. The feat required a great deal of preliminary adjustment. The Fakir had to stop several times to alter the pose of the lady and to fumble about the legs of the steel chair, and once or twice those in front heard a sharp click of metal. Finally a vapory film appeared to issue from the platform and curl in little spirals round the form of the woman and then die out in the air above her head. When the Fakir saw it he cried in a loud voice, "The charm is working, let no son of man interfere with the mission of Moloch. All is well," and he waved his hands above her head and seemed to slowly fade from sight in the rear of the stage amid the curl-

ing blue vapors. For five minutes that curious assemblage sat with gaping eyes watching the changing hues of the mists that grew thicker and thicker round the form of the still smiling beauty.

Then those nearest the stage heard a low, hissing sound, and saw a little jet of flame ruddy as a carnivorous tongue, dart upward. Then another leaped from the box like an escaped serpent and darted its fang at the smiling woman, who still fanned herself and preserved her unsuspecting pose of indolent and patient sufferance. But it was only for a moment. Flames of a venomous character were issuing from all parts of the platform, and one of them touching a portion of the lace convolution of her skirts it flashed up and disappeared like a cobweb. A cry of terror went up from some of the women in front, and a number of gentlemen sprang to their feet. But immediately those in the rear shouted, "Sit down! Order! It's only an illusion."

But before the sounds had died away, the lady herself gave a start, and a look of terror came into her face. She appeared to be struggling.

In an instant her beautiful face was convulsed and congested by a horrible consciousness that she was afire and was locked in the chair, and a long, soul piercing scream issued from her lips as she writhed in the death grip of her furnace. And even then the whole platform suddenly appeared a mass of boiling, bubbling, incandescent and furious fire, and as the awe struck assemblage saw her raiment burst into flame and wreath the helpless and screaming woman, there were many who believed it was all an illusion similar to the many they had just witnessed, and that presently she would walk out unscathed and smiling. But even that deception could not last more than a second under the sickening spectacle that was prepared for them. The spell was broken by Lieutenant Mountford, who was seen to leap from his box toward the stage, and in his excitement miscalculating the distance he struck his head upon the edge and fell with a crash into the orchestra. Then there arose from the assemblage one unearthly and never-before heard cry compounded of horror, excitement and panic. For there, burning its way into their eyes, convulsed in the agonies of torture, her now partly denuded form blackened and blistered, was the unmistakable fact. A hundred brave men had climbed to the stage with desperation, but they could not get within three feet of the burning woman, who was in the centre of an upheaving, molten mass, that rose in great iridescent bubbles, and broke into instantly consuming waves like lava. Nor would it have availed them to have reached her, for she was fastened with cunningly devised steel chains to her iron chair.

And so it was, that while a demoniac crowd, several of whom lost their lives in their desperate heroism, were unavailingly endeavoring to extinguish the Greek fire that boiled from the box, the panic-stricken audience were trampling each other to death in an equally demoniac endeavor to escape from the building.

But there were hundreds of them riveted by the spell of horrors who never took their eyes from the appalling spectacle until the devouring fire had left only a charred and shrunken lump where but a few minutes before had posed and played with her fan the loveliest woman of them all.

Here I stopped, and Nixon, said: "Well, what happened to the Fakir of Mantchooria?" "He was never heard of afterward. But one day some two years afterwards when the English were about to blow a couple of pretty low caste Brahmins from the eighteen-pound field pieces at Cawnpore, one of the wretches desired to make a confession. He said he was one of the servants of the Fakir at the time of the horrible murder and that Sang disguised himself while the audience were watching the blue fumes, and going round to the front of the house watched the whole performance and then escaped in the panic. After which recital, the low caste Brahmin was blown into the air with neatness and dispatch."

## Final remarks of the listeners:

PROF. HEERMANN: "I knew the Fakir of Mantchooria very well."

"What," I exclaimed, somewhat startled. "You met him in India?"

"No," said the Professor, "I met him in Sadder's on the Square. He wasn't a bad fellow, but an awful liar."

NIXON: "What beats me is that a man with your lamb-like manners can carry round such a ghouliah imagination with him."

"I don't," I said. "I always leave it behind me, in a beer garden."

NYC CRINKLE.

On Monday last, Judge Ingraham, of the Supreme Court, appointed Ex-Surrogate Daniel G. Rollins referee in the controversy between Managers T. Henry French and Frank W. Sanger, regarding Little Lord Fauntleroy.

## GLEANINGS.

ROSA FRANCE sailed for Europe on the *Catalonia*, from Boston, on Saturday last.

PROF. NORRIS' Canine Paradox is reported to be playing to big business in the West.

LEONA FONTAINEAU has closed her season with T. J. Farton, and is disengaged for next season.

KATE FORSYTHE will produce *The Tigris* in London, at the Comedy Theatre, on the 29th inst.

EMMA FOSSETTE has been engaged to create a part in William Haworth's new play of *Ferncliff*.

SHANNON AND WILLIAMS have just completed a new version of *One of the Finest* for Edward J. Hassan.

WILL R. WILSON's new play, *The Lion and the Lamb*, will be produced at the Bijou Theatre early in August.

THE Gilroys, John, Julia and Ettie, have been engaged for *The Streets of New York* company for next season.

LILLIAN HAMILTON, a clever dancing sobrette, will star next season in one of Grattan Donnelly's farce comedies.

ARTHUR REHAN closed his supplementary season at Calais, Me., on Thursday last, returning to New York on Sunday.

CHARLES MESTAYER and Will Granger have signed for the leading heavy and juvenile parts in *A Royal Pass* for next season.

THE BRIGANDS has not lost its drawing power at the Casino. The houses are still crowded. The receipts last week amounted to \$9,200.

LEA PRASLEY will sing "Come Back, My Boy, to Me," a new song and chorus by Charles L. Ainsworth, in the production of *Passion's Slave* next season.

JED PROUTY played to between \$7,000 and \$8,000 at the New California Theatre, the highest price being \$1. May Irwin is said to have made the hit of her life as Martha.

J. M. KIERNEY, last season business manager with Proctor and Nugent's Fugitive company, will act in a similar capacity during the coming season with T. E. Mills' Zozo company.

JOSEPH ARTHUR has booked *The Still Alarm* solid for the seasons of 1890, '91 and '92, including an experimental engagement of three weeks in the City of Mexico and a tour through Australia.

JOSEPH SLAYTOR and J. H. Moore have been re-engaged for next season for *The Stow away*, which will open in Philadelphia on Aug. 17. It jumps from there to San Francisco, where it will open at the new California Theatre on Sept. 2.

MONTE FREDERICKS, the young lady who played the part of Jessie in *Hans, the Boatman*, with Charles Arnold in Australia, has been engaged to play the part here. The others secured to support Mr. Arnold are Julius Kahn and Charles F. Tingay.

RICH AND HARRIS have secured a number of the most important vaudeville artists of Europe for the Howard Athenaeum Specialty company for next season, but refuse to divulge names, as it might cause a hitch in the arrangements.

A NUMBER of professionals summering at Mount Clemens, Mich., volunteered their services at a benefit for the Johnstown sufferers on the 7th inst. The receipts netted \$325. Among the volunteers were the Nelson Family, Mrs. Gertie Seaman, Charles Jerome, Murry Woods, John T. Kelly and others who are sojourning at that place.

J. H. BRANICK has been re-engaged as stage manager and comedian of *We, Us & Co.*, which will go out next season under the management of Frank A. Slocum. Celia Volmer and Walter Jones have also been engaged. Next season the company, which will open in August, will play the Pacific coast for sixteen weeks, going as far as Portland, Oregon.

LOST IN AFRICA, a new melodrama, by Howard P. Taylor, will receive its initial presentation in this city next season. It will be put on under the personal management of Fred W. Bert, the experienced and able manager and Agnes Desmond, one of the prettiest actresses graduated from Brooklyn, will play the heroine.

THE *City of New York*, which arrived at its port in Liverpool recently, carried on board more than the usual complement of professionals. The concert for the benefit of the sailors' orphans which took place on the steamship, on the ocean, netted over \$30. Helen Dauvray, Jack Mason, Mark Lynch, Maids Craigen and Falkland Buchanan participated in the entertainment, while Eugene Tompkins, Smiley Walker and Ted Marks were on the Committee of Arrangements.

THE Casino management, having learned from several out-of-town managers, that Matt and Jules Grau were trying to obtain time at different theatres on the representation that they had received permission to play *The Brigands* next season, has issued a circular denying that such permission has been given to any company or any person. The only company that will play the opera next season will be under the personal direction of Rudolph Aronson. Suits will follow any attempt at piracy of this opera.



## LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

London, June 6, 1889.

There is one thing about this much-abused climate of ours that you cannot get away from—not while you remain in the country—and that is, its variety. Whatever the weather may be you can always be sure it won't remain so for long. It may presently be better or it may be worse—most likely it will be much worse—but anyhow it's bound to change soon. Uncertainty of uncertainty is thought by some to be the English climate's chiefest charm. There's no accounting for taste anyhow. Amusement caterers would probably prefer that the clerk of the weather were rather less of a quick-change artist. The hot wave, of which I wrote you recently, had barely reduced managers to that state of abject servility and physical limpness which is customary with them on such occasions, when, lo, there came upon us a cold snap (accompanied by rain) which sent people flocking into the theatres o' nights and straightened managerial backs and elevated managerial chins, before you could say Jack Robinson. They evidently thought, good easy men, that it was going to last, and they behaved accordingly. A few brief hours of prosperity, and hey, presto! here they are again—down upon their metaphorical marrowbones with none so poor to do them reverence. The sun shines vigorously from early morn to dewy eve, or as near unto that time, whatever that time may be, as is atmospherically practicable. The thermometer goes up, up, up, until the stuff in the bulb shows a tendency to slop over and run down the sides. As the mercury ascends, the managers wilt. Wild horses might, if properly trained for the work, drag people to the theatres, but they couldn't make 'em stop there for long this weather.

All this being thus, what are you to think of fads in human form who put up new plays at matinees? There have been four this week up to now—one on Monday, two on Tuesday, and one this blessed Thursday as ever was. Of all these, I shall have a few words to say presently, but first I must tell you of the new play which was put on at the Princess on Monday night. Under the Hawthorne-Kelly regime this theatre has become celebrated for the complexity and variety of its advance announcements. Week by week, and occasionally two or three times a week, the ingenious "hustler" bombards editors with small printed slips setting forth, with elaborate detail what the management might, could, would or should, or should not do, under various contingencies. On one point, however, these pronouncements are usually solid—in statement—and that is "during her tenancy of the Princess Theatre Miss Hawthorne will have the honor of introducing Theodora to the London public." On Monday, however, it was "a new drama of nautical interest," entitled *True Heart*, written by H. Byatt, that we were called upon to sample.

The plot of this was found to be both various and reminiscent, but the result was not wholly satisfactory. There is a wicked baronet, Sir Ralph, who kills his sister-in-law, Sabina, in the prologue and before our very eyes, by making her run on to a rotten balcony to save her child, said child being then and there kidnapped by the wicked baronet's syrenides, Lysa Carver. Fifteen years elapse and Sir Ralph, who has given out that the child is dead, has secured the estate for himself. Of course, the child is very much alive, but she has grown up, and under the name of Nell Foster, is a speaking likeness of the ill-fated Sabina. Sir Ralph, observing this, fears discovery and plots to marry Nell to his son, Nell, however, has made other arrangements. In point of fact, she is about to be married to Dick Cartyon, the gallant skipper of the good ship *True Heart*. So the baronet drugs the sailor bold, and (duty having to be done) the *True Heart* puts to sea with her skipper on board, but more helpless than if he had been painting the town pink for many a day. By-and-bye, a storm comes on, and the *True Heart* is driven on the rocks in order that a sensation scene—the launch of the lifeboat—and round which the piece is written, may be effectively introduced. The effectiveness was somewhat marred on Monday by insufficient rehearsal, but everybody was at last thoroughly rescued, and when this had been done, villainy was punished and virtue was rewarded. This lifeboat scene is no tame affair. According to Kelly, it takes eighty men to work; but I have not met anybody who has counted them. Grace Hawthorne played Sabina in the prologue, and Nell Foster subsequently. Leonard Boyne was a manly skipper, Bassett Roe a desperate villain, and Yorke Stephens a sempiternal juvenile. E. W. Gardiner lived things up as a low-comedy sailor. When all concerned knew what to do, and how to do it, *True Heart* may, perhaps, prove acceptable in the provinces.

Now for the matinees. The Monday show

was a variorum performance at the Lyric for the benefit of that theatre's chief low-comedy merchant, Arthur Williams, who hath of late had serious losses in his theatrical speculations. The only item of the programme that needs notice is a new one-act piece called *Alias*, announced as by Bedford Rowe, under which disguise is said to be concealed the identity of a well-known writer of comic song. It is to be hoped that his songs are better than his piece, the best that can be said of which is that that like *Midshipman Easy's* wet-nurse's baby, it is "a very little one." A young man of the middle classes captures for sweetheart the daughter of a first-class earl who keeps his carriage; but her cousin, whose aristocratic nose is thereby put out of joint, makes trouble by explaining that the young man's father is a convict. By and by, however, the supposed convict turns up with "papers" proving his innocence, whereupon the earl takes him (metaphorically) to his bosom, and decides that the course of true love shall, for once in a way, run smooth. There was not much to say in favor of the acting.

Of Tuesday's matinees, that at the Vaudeville shall be mentioned first, because it began at 2:30, whereas the Strand miscreants held their wicked hands till 2:45. The Vaudeville play was announced on the bill as *Unmasked*, but slips were circulated in the theatre, setting forth that this title had been claimed on the previous day and therefore the play would now be called *True Colors*. Seeing that this title was used for a curtain-raiser at the Globe, only a year ago, the change was not also an improvement. *True Colors* was said to be in four acts, but by a foolish fond arrangement of tableaux-curtains it was made to appear in seven. Hence the first scene (which occupied five minutes) was generally thought to be an act, and an impression prevailed that we were to have a short if not exactly a merry afternoon. The action did not lag at starting. An old baronet, whose son, George, had secretly married the gamekeeper's daughter, died before proceedings had well begun. Then the gamekeeper's daughter died in childbirth, and the widower resolved to go to Central Africa—and all inside of six months from the commencement of operations. It had meanwhile been borne in upon us that Mr. Jack Vigors, the new baronet's cousin and next heir, was the villain to be unmasked or shown in his *True Colors*. When George makes Jack guardian of his baby girl and manager of his estates, we know pretty well what is going to happen—more especially when Jack turns over the baby to the care of a villainous old poacher, and says (with intention) "Ha, ha! I think we understand each other." Seventeen years having elapsed, and Sir George being still in Central Africa, it appears that the little heiress is dead, but that Mary, the daughter of the villainous old poacher, is a very charming, well-educated young lady, who has been persuaded by the wicked Jack (not a day older) that she ought to go on the stage. Hereafter mitching mallechs and midsummer madness ensue in the shape of what are supposed to be comedy and character scenes—notably, in the representations of a gambling club and of a flash ball, whither Mary is brought by her false friends, and from which she is rescued in the nick of time by a respectful young man from the country and the Central African Sir George, who ejaculates, "Ha! those eyes! surely I know that face! But no! it cannot be!" etc. Of course it was the villainous poacher's child who died and Mary is really Sir George's daughter. So this kink being straightened out, and Jack having blown the top of his head off, all ends happily.

Lawrence Cantley as the Central African, R. S. Boleyn as the wicked Jack and Miss P. Hadspett as Mary acquitted themselves creditably. Old John Maclean was extremely staid as the poacher and Charles Collette had a great deal to say in one of the comedy-and-character parts introduced. The author's name was not announced, nor indeed was it eagerly inquired for.

The Strand offense was a tiresome domestic drama entitled *Doubt*, for which J. Stanley Little was responsible. Herein one Crowley, a morose poet, is under the impression that his wife and his best friend, Forsyth, are (in their joint relations, *bien entendu*) no better than they should be, if so good. In fact he believes Forsyth to be his wife's lover. The audience, however, knows that this is not so. It was Eva, Mrs. Crowley's foster-sister, with whom Forsyth went wrong. F. has also gone wrong financially (wine to baccarat, etc.) and is, as our slungsters put it, pebbly-beached. He is so ashamed of his position that he won't tell Dick but he is not ashamed to tell Dick's wife and he makes her promise not to tell her husband. Dick has many proofs of his wife's supposed infidelity and Forsyth's rascality, but he will not believe either his ears or his eyes. He only doubts. To make things even, Forsyth and the wife have many opportunities of explaining things to Dick. But, of course, they won't, though by so doing

they would at once finish the play, and thereby earn the everlasting gratitude of kind friends in front. At length, much to the relief of all concerned, Forsyth is thrown from a dog-cart and killed. As soon as this happens we are let into the secret that the supposedly ruined Eva has been married all the time. The author, evidently thinking this a good situation, brings the curtain down upon it, much to the bewilderment of the audience. The acting was, on the whole, not so bad as the play, but the only character worthy of notice was the wife, portrayed with considerable tenderness and pathos by Alma Murray. The rest is silence.

This (Thursday) afternoon there was tried at the Comedy an adaptation of Ordonneau and Valabréque's *Durand et Durand*, a play which, I dare say, you know. The adaptation was described on the programme as by Fred Horner and Frank Wyatt, but I have heard it said that Wyatt didn't do much beyond putting his name on the bill. I don't know if this be true, but if so, that's Horner's fault. The piece has some funny situations, but it was marred by a number of nasty lines—so nasty, in fact, that audible blushing largely prevailed, especially among modest nummers in front.

Our two Italian opera seasons—one at Covent Garden, the other at Her Majesty's—are now in full blast. Augustus Harris is doing fine business at "the Garden," for where fashion is concerned, atmospheric considerations go for naught. The other show, which is run by the irrepressible Mapleson, financed by some sewing-machine amateurs, and controlled by H. J. Leslie, was opened last Saturday. The irrepressible one bobbed up serenely with half a chorus, and apologized for the default by explaining that the ladies and gentlemen in question had missed their train at Turin. They therefore claimed the kind indulgence of the audience. Needless to say, they got it, for we are an easily pacified people—we English.

Mansfield and Richard III. dried up from the Globe last Saturday night. The entire Gaiety company, with *Faust Up to Date*, commenced a season there on Whet Monday.

The matinee of W. Sapte, Jr.'s new drama, *Marah at the Prince of Wales'* last Friday, drew a brilliant and fashionable house, many present being titled folk. Many of these, however, could not have paid for their seats for Sapte is largely out of pocket by the transaction to say nothing of having had his piece (which had many merits) severely handicapped by the leading lady. This was Miss Annie Rose (otherwise Mrs. Horace Nevill and daughter-in-law of Lady Dorothy Nevill). It was to see her that so many real live aristocrats were kind enough to "assist." Annie (who was once a simple chorister, a pretty girl whom the breath of Slander never tainted) indulged on this occasion in the process that you and my fellow-writer, Mr. W. Shakespeare called "tearing a passion to tatters" and nearly wrecked Sapte's chances.

To-morrow we are to be summoned to the long-closed Novelty (late Jodrell) to see William Archer's translation, the great but often gloomy Ibsen's *Et Dukenheim*—here called the *Doll's House*—of which a version called *Breaking a Butterfly* was once prepared by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman. Alice Linyard then played the heroine and Kyrle Bellew the husband, and the play ran about three weeks. The heroine and hero will to-morrow be respectively represented by Janet Achurch and Charles Charrington.

Hercat, the magician, has returned to London after his successful provincial tour, wherein he won golden opinions from all sorts of people. He has his eye on a new hall, of which more anon. Next Tuesday Esther Sandraz, which I hear was successfully produced at Chicago on Monday (Mrs. Langtry holding all the rights from the adapter, Sydney Grundy), is to have a matinee at the Haymarket on Tuesday with Amy Roselle in the leading part.

To the Rescue, a new comediotta, by Mr. William Greet, and *Our Flat*, a new farcical comedy, in which Willie Edouin will appear, are to be seen at William Greet's matinee at the Prince of Wales' next week.—J. W. Pigott's new comedy, *Which Wins?* (Edward Michael, of New York, managing) will be tried at Terry's on Wednesday afternoon.

GAWAIN.

J. W. R. Binns has been engaged as manager of the Opera House and conductor of the outside concert orchestra at the Spanish Port, New Orleans. He has engaged for a tour of this country, opening in this city next October, what he claims is undoubtedly the greatest attraction of its kind in the world. This is Her Majesty, Queen Victoria's Choir, which is known as the Balmoral Choir. The tour will be for three months, and, if successful, will be extended three months more.

## THE HANDGLASS.

And it came to pass that on the seventh day of the sixth month, at the going down of the sun, there entered upon the way that is called Broad, three funny men of the East—Hoola-goolah, Pietro and Cassimir, and they said, one to another, as they mopped their several brows, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Verily, I say unto you, the funny man of the comic opera draweth a large and juicy salary, but when the warm Summer nights are come, he raiseth up his voice, and wisheth he were a chorus girl in a sash and French slippers!" And they went and had some balm, each one with his fellow, once, and once again.

The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year;  
The Summer Man in his tennis shirt  
And yellow shoes is here!

"LE ROI EST MORT. VIVE LE ROI!"

Crowley is gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns and the baby seal has en-chained the fickle affections of the small boy at the Park, while the great hot tears fall from Kitty O'Brien's eyes when the band begins to play, "No One to Love."

If you're anxious for to shine  
In the histrionic line  
As a star of genius rare,  
You must play a game of pool  
By a scientific rule.  
And large checkered trousers wear;  
Have a manner pugilistical,  
Be up in matters fistical.  
Take an interest in base-ball,  
And the people that you meet  
Each day upon the street  
Will think you know it all;  
And every one will say,  
As you walk upon Broadway:  
"That young man with long hair is an actor."

TIEWALKER: How well you acted last Thursday. Much better than on Wednesday.  
STAGGERACT: I was paid on Thursday.

"Do you believe in the supernatural?"  
"I never saw one act natural yet."

Actors are hard to kill, and should demand special cut rates from insurance companies.

An Uncle Tom's Cabin company, that was in Johnstown during the recent disaster, escaped certain death by means of a dog that was accustomed to take part in the play. The faithful animal saved each member of the company by means of his bark.

This story is original with us, but it will, doubtless, look well on the front page of some of our Western contemporaries next week.

Maggie Duggan, who became famous here a few seasons ago in the Olivette farandole by reason of her *piquante* kick, which was enthusiastically christened the "Duggan fling," will return to New York next season, it is said, with a new comedy drama written especially for her. It introduces several specialties, calcium light effects, etc., and is called *Lost in Harlem or the Bifurcated Skirt*. Seats are already being secured and much interest is manifested in the production.

A Philadelphia paper, which cannot tell a lie, says that the *Chicago Times* in a "criticism" of Antony and Cleopatra announced Mrs. Potter as "a daisy tragedienne" and Mr. Bellew as "a veritable and undoubted tragedy boss."

Chicago and St. Louis are running a close race for the pennant for unique and unconventional dramatic criticism and the finish will be watched with bated breath.

A Troy poet sings of the telegraph operator:

Kindly greet the operator,  
He is human, nothing less.  
Let some kind word, gently spoken,  
Serve his tired heart to rest.

This is very touching, although here in New York, we don't rhyme less with rest; but when an operator gets so mixed as to send a despatch which should read "Full house; all hands delighted; and have it reach the friends of one's childhood as "Delighted house; all hands full," we do not feel kindly towards the operator, and the "soft word, gently spoken," is apt to be a long felt want in his case.

Says a Boston paper: "When posterity searches the records of the daily press for dramatic criticism on the players of our time they will be made to believe that Ada Rehan spent her entire lifetime in being cordially received by large and fashionable audiences."

There is a blind man in New York who attends the theatre regularly and enjoys opera especially. He couldn't understand why the London Gaiety Company made such a hit, and the thunders of applause which greet the jaunty captain of the Amazons when she advances to the footlights, strike him as being entirely uncalled for.

Llanfairpwllgwyllgertröbgerchwynn-yllgerbywllantvniaillogogoch, is the name of a one-night stand in Wales.



## STAGE STORIES.

## DICK ON GUARD.

BY COLLINS STURTEVANT.

When I joined mother and May in Maine, I found they had made a much longer visit at Uncle Richard's than they had thought of doing. Mother praised the cooking and the charming people whom she had met, and May filled the pauses with reminiscences of delightful drives and the enthusiasm her music had excited.

"Dear, dear, what a pity I didn't go with you!" I exclaimed, ironically of course. While they were at Uncle Richard's I was in the Adirondacks. You may believe that I was not regretting lawn teas or amateur concerts. "It is a pity!" answered mother. "It would have been much better for you and for us all than your risking life and limb in those bottomless swamps. But you shall go, after all, though you don't deserve it."

I gazed at mother until she smiled and then I asked, "When and why?" Whereupon both May and mother talked at once, but I managed to learn the plot of the story, and by degrees the details.

On my way home I was to go via Uncle Richard's, in order to escort my cousin to my house, where she would spend the Winter and study art. "The dear child will be company for May," said mother, "and she shows so much taste for painting, it would be almost criminal not to give her every advantage. I had some trouble in showing Richard that of course I could accept no compensation. It hurt me to have him make such a proposition about my own sister's child."

"He said he would be even with you yet," May added reflectively. He kept his word, too, for May got the watch she wanted at Tiffany's and the hat she liked best on Fifth Avenue, and other things which I have not time to mention.

I remembered my Cousin Elizabeth as a half-grown girl. She and uncle and aunt made us a long visit, and I recollect standing on my head when I heard they were going home, for I had been obliged to give up my room to Aunt Amanda on account of its Southern exposure. Elizabeth measured several inches more in height than May or myself, and I never walked with her unless under special orders from mother. I learned afterwards that her aversion to this arrangement was in proportion to my own, for she firmly believed herself at that period to be abnormally tall. May, one day, confided to me her suspicion that Elizabeth was, as we used to say, "sweet on" me. This, without the resentment I felt at a girl of my own age being so much my superior in size, would have sufficed to keep me away from her, and as she was very shy our acquaintance remained of the slightest.

My plans were laid so that I could only stop at Uncle Richard's long enough to dine and take my cousin away. When I saw the tennis court I wished very much I had come on an earlier train, and after a dinner which mother's descriptions hardly did justice to, I should have liked an invitation to breakfast. But my reasons for a short stay had been so peremptory there was no suggestion of delay. Elizabeth had on her traveling gown, and her trunks were checked through.

"Take good care of her, Dick," were Aunt Amanda's parting words. I promised her I would, and whether I have done so or not can be decided when the question is raised.

Our positions as to size were reversed, and I found myself wondering if the same might not be true in regard to our sentiments.

She began her work with an enthusiastic industry I requested the loan of until commencement. Mother tried by prayer and then by threats to induce her to take an interest in society, but all to no purpose. One morning we were returning from a ball and Elizabeth emancipated herself. "Dearest auntie," she said, "I came here to work; and work I must to console mamma for sparing me and to repay papa and all of you for your kindness by making you proud of me, and I am so stupid and one-ideaed that I have my wits in the studio with my pinafore, and so, how can I provide entertainment for Messieurs Smith, Jones and Robinson who are such good listeners? You see, by the time night comes, I am nothing but a good listener myself; and so, if I am not a tourist in the Land of Nod I want to be at the theatre where I receive everything and give nothing!"

"Since when have they put you on the free list?" I asked. There was a laugh, and she added:

"You know what I mean. Oh, dear, I am afraid you'll think me dreadfully selfish."

"No, indeed, goose," cried May, leaning over to hug her. In spirit I followed suit, but in reality I blew her a kiss, which she did not see, for just then mother centred the general attention upon herself by ejaculating:

"Well, I give you up!"

On the whole I think mother was more pleased than pained at the result. She had soon discovered that Elizabeth was no good foil to May, but that each rather detracted from the other. Besides, a double carriage was now called instead of the brougham, which

had been large enough for two. When the head of the house dies, leaving most of his money in Wall Street, and the one remaining man of the family is a Senior at Columbia, the difference between three dollars and six is noted by a widow determined to keep out of debt and not alter her style of living. Mother had done her duty, and if from that day she left her niece very much to her own devices, her conscience was clear.

"I am glad I know what you like," I whispered, as I helped her out of the carriage last.

She murmured gaily, "I'm glad you're glad," and ran up the steps.

I had taken her several times to the theatre, and we were very good friends, when one day she came in the parlor before dinner where I was waiting alone, looking out of the window and debating as to whether I should give the cook warning or a new clock.

Elizabeth began in an innocent, deprecating way she had, "I suppose I ought to wait until after dinner to ask a favor of a man, but this might be my only chance to see you alone, and—this is under the rose—on your word of honor?"

I shrugged my shoulders and put my hands in my pockets. "Girls are so fond of mystery. What is it?" She looked at me until I felt impelled to say, "Well, yes, I promise—on my word of honor." I was ungracious, when one takes into consideration the fact that I was talking to my guest, my cousin and a nice girl. But between the professors at college and the cooks at home, St. Lawrence might keep his temper, I never could.

"If you were not the dearest boy in the world, I would not dream of asking you, but you have been so kind, and have made me feel as if you wanted to gratify me. You are monarch of all you survey; you can easily manage it. Just talk about it during dinner, and I will join in, and then you can ask me to go. Girls are so helpless. That is why we have to manage instead of having night-keys and not answering questions."

"Manage what, please?" I interrupted, feeling my reason tottering on its throne, as someone has said before me.

"Manage to take me to see What Love is Worth, she said, smiling at me with a sweetness which I divined was called forth more by the inner vision than by the outer.

"Didn't you go there last night with Mrs. Van Dumkopf and her crowd?" I asked, wondering if I could have been mistaken.

"Yes, that is why I want to go again." As I kept silent for lack of a coherent thought, she continued, "You see, in a box, with such a giddy set, one neither hears nor sees anything. It would be much more satisfactory to be there alone with you. And oh! Dick, you will get seats on the centre aisle, second row?"

A light broke upon me. "Who is it? I'll give you a pointer on Stern; he's married."

"Oh, don't, Dick!" she cried, putting her hands over her ears. "Can't you understand that the play's the thing?" She began to laugh again, and as we heard mother on the stairs, she whispered, "But don't forget to urge me just the same, else they might think as you did."

In the course of a week I secured the desired seats, and obtained the honor of my cousin's company very easily, as May called her stage-struck and was prepared for any dramatic excesses, and mother acted in such a way as to arouse my first suspicions that she was match-making.

The play excited great applause and seemed bound for a long run, but I did not believe that our presence was a tribute to the dramatist. At a thrilling point, when every gaze but our own was riveted on the star, his leading man's cue was to stand aside in apparent unconcern. The latter's glance roved here and there among the audience until it fell upon Elizabeth's upturned face. I was watching her, and although I had heard her eyes called "speaking," I had not realized the powers of this silent eloquence before. Until the curtain fell, in the rare moments when his attention was not required on the stage, John Reynold's earnest and penetrating look was directed to Elizabeth, who seemed to be under a spell. I wanted to tell her about a classmate of mine who has the same kind of eyes. "Intense" is the word the girls use to describe them, and everyone he meets believes herself to be the object of special attention, whereas their intensity never varies, whether he is talking to me about the ball-match or flirting with my sister.

As we were going home she said nothing, which increased my sense of injury. One does not mind, if one is at all amiable, being used as a *deus ex machina*, but I did not wish to be deceived. "After I gave you my word of honor, perhaps you think it cousinly to draw the wool over my eyes!" I was so vexed, I was obliged to hesitate lest I should say something rough.

"Why, I do not mind, . . . 'cing that—somebody interests me there. You know I really enjoy a play much more when I am specially interested in one of the performers."

"Psh!" I could not help exclaiming.

"Really! How about The Turkish Rose Leaves, in five acts and fifteen tableaux?"

"Hang the rose leaves!"

"And the Turks, too, if you like. I say, Dick, do the rose leaves come high?" Here she showed all a woman's cleverness by getting me to put her in possession of as big a sword to hold over my head as I held over hers. From then on, though her manner was always grateful and sweet, I could not but feel that she realized we were quits. I think now that her remarks about the Turkish rose leaves were a random guess, excited by my refusal to take her to see the piece, but, at the time, my guilty conscience made me stupid, and I exclaimed weakly:

"High! I wish you could see my florist's bill."

She insisted on my fulfilling this rashly-expressed desire, and took possession of the awful document. Not long after she showed it to me receipted. Amazement and relief were my first emotions, to be quickly succeeded by shame. I was angry with her for putting me in so humiliating a position.

"Dick," she said, one hand holding the bill behind her back and the other under my chin, "Are you not my own cousin, and does not papa give me what I want, and isn't he making more all the while that you are only spending it, and musn't I do by you as you would do by me?" and then, for the first time since we were grown, she put her arms around my neck and slipped the receipt inside my collar where it would be hardest to get at. I was partly soothed, but she left me feeling like a little boy who had just received his grandmother's blessing.

Occasionally I called for Elizabeth on my way home, but was not always successful. Some days she would already be gone and others she wanted to stay late and finish a fancied stint. It was the second Thursday in December, I remember, when I left the college behind me and found I would have time for a good walk. The weather was perfect, and I crossed over to the Murillo Building and went up in the elevator to the fifth floor, there to be told that Elizabeth had left her work early in the afternoon. At the corner news stand I bought the *Reflector*. Elizabeth always got it, either on her way to or from the studio, and as I wanted to know as much as she did about theatrical matters, I never missed a chance of enlarging its circulation by one copy at least. I glanced over the headings, but as usual became interested and might have finished the paper on the curb had I not seen this paragraph:

The many friends of Miss Violet Mauve and Mr. John Reynolds will be rejoiced to hear of their approaching nuptials. The realistic fervor of some of the scenes in *What Love is Worth* is explained on more interesting grounds than those of studied art. The *Reflector* tenders its hearty congratulations to both.

I caught the next stage down, and was soon home. I had a key but rang the bell and let Jane come to the door, so that I might ask her, "Is Miss Elizabeth in the parlor?"

"No, sir, she hasn't come yet."

A big chair in front of the parlor window seemed to be what I most needed, and towards it I stumbled and sat down. May was at the piano, practising the cavatina from Robert le Diable, "Robert, Robert, toi que j'aime!"

Whether the song confused me, or whether I should have felt the same if May had given the music a rest, I cannot say; but during the fifteen minutes of suspense I could arrive at no conclusion, for, instead, the answer to each surmise would be:

Grâce pour moi, pour toi.

Was she ill on leaving the studio?

Tu vois mon effroi!

Is it shopping?

Et qui reçus, qui reçus ma foi.

More as conviction than question came the thought—has she seen the *Reflector*?

Quoi, ton cœur se dégage.

Des serments les plus doux!

I began to fancy myself a debating society with a German band outside, when suddenly Elizabeth passed by and ran up the steps. I opened the door, and she thanked me in her jolliest mood. May nodded, but kept on with the cavatina. Elizabeth turned to me and laughed. "What is the matter? Are you playing Robert to May's Isabelle?"

I would not have told her but that I knew she would learn it the next day at the studio. "I called for you this afternoon early enough to take a walk."

She blushed and began to untie some little parcels she had brought in. "And I was gone! Too bad! You must tell me if you can beforehand, and I will wait. At that time I suppose I was matching this lace. Did you ever try to match lace?"

"No; did you have much trouble?"

"Strangely enough, I found it at the first place," she answered, smiling at being obliged to give up one line of defence. "Do you know, I almost dread going into the store where I buy the *Reflector*? But it is so convenient and they are so nice, only I don't like to be noticed. For instance, to-day the young fellow who usually waits on me took this down from the shelf and said, 'The last one we have, Miss. I wrapped it up for you.' Of course, I thanked him. He wasn't in the least presuming, but I prefer to be treated like the

rest of the million. If I were a monarch, I should always travel incognito. What rare hours he passed, 'in his golden prime, the good Haroun Alraschid!'"

As she opened the parcel I did not know whether to snatch it from her and make a scene, or allow her to read on and make one herself. In either case I was sure of an explosion. I sat still and watched the flame slowly approaching the magazine. May was working to get a good tone on "Grace" when the match burned out. But there was no report. Elizabeth's radiant smile left her. She turned white and sat looking at the announcement as though she were committing it to memory. Then she gathered together all her purchases and went up to her room. Of course, I was very glad of the news, but I have never been able to hear the cavatina from Robert le Diable since without a shiver.

"Get your violin and accompany me," said May, thinking to please, for she appreciated my playing as little as I her singing. I astonished her by a peremptory refusal, and ran upstairs. At Elizabeth's door I heard nothing, but an odor like charred paper was perceptible. Mother is so nervous about fire that I felt justified in knocking. I heard a voice say "Come," and entered what I call, since she has had it, the prettiest room in the house.

"I smelt something burning," I said in explanation.

She sat with her hands on the table before her, and her hair was mussed as though she had been hiding her face on her arms. Her eyes showed no signs of tears, and she answered calmly, "There was a fire, but it is all out now."

Taking her meaning I put my foot upon the *Reflector* which lay on the floor beside her. "I suppose this has been the hose, the hook and ladder company and that sort of thing. Never appreciated the immense value of the department before. Not only saves your purse, which is trash, but—"

"You don't understand!" said Elizabeth. Two red spots came out on her pale cheeks. "You would not if I could tell you all I feel—all that I have felt; but I cannot. But you do not doubt this, Dick, that my reserve comes only from the fear of being misunderstood—just that! My conscience through it all has been as clear as crystal. But Society's conscience is the latest volume on etiquette; and its laws I have not yet offended, and never will—if I am not found out."

"In what?"

"In Arcady," she answered, so, remembering immediately what had led to conversation, she fixed her eyes on the grate, where some paper was still visible on top of the coals.

"How much a girl must think of a fellow's letters before she pays them the compliment of burning them! I don't suppose you'd ever waste a match on one of mine."

"If all I hear be true, you write such superb ones I should keep them until they fell to pieces from over-reading."

I think I am a fair writer when you come to composition. May would say you would be a long time getting there on account of my penmanship, which is, I admit, somewhat unreliable. I wished very much I might have seen one of those red flakes a half-hour before. "Pshaw! What would anything be after them?" I exclaimed, waving my hand at the chimney.

"Oh, it isn't what was said or how it was said. It was because he wrote them. They seemed a part of—" she had begun, with the intention of contradicting my modest speech, but when I heard the latter sentences I started for the door. "Dick, don't be vexed. I was speaking of one who is dead—to me."

"*Hic jacet*!" I said, writing on an imaginary tombstone in the air. "Shall I come by for you to-morrow?"

"Yes, please," she replied, and I left her, looking at herself in the glass.

We had walked down Broadway as far as Union Square the next day, when Reynolds passed us in the crowd. He gave Elizabeth an inquiring look, but she averted her face and his glance was returned by me. A moment later I saw she had lost the control she had had over herself until then. A public doorway was near and I hurried her into the stairs, where we were alone. She tried to speak, but every word was a sob, and giving up all attempts at composure she turned from me and laid her head on the step above her. Women have such odd fancies that I have not a doubt but she found the dusty wood more grateful than cider-down, because the renowned photographer whom Reynolds affected was on the floor over us.

"Dick, it is like death. You do not realize at first, but afterward—" Her voice failed her, but in a moment she spoke again with a burst of impatience: "Oh, what a dog in the manger I am!"

"Then you don't want him yourself?" I murmured tentatively. My interest made me brutal.

The look of scorn she turned upon me was like a flash of steel. "Do you think me such a selfish fool that I would throw the restraints of married life across his progress? No! I



believe all artists should be bound to art alone." She passed, and then, as if to herself, she continued in a tone of abstraction: "It seems as if I must be wrong—if the majority be right; the great majority—of simpletons and egotists! Why may we not love one another as children do—little children, since of such is the kingdom?"

For a minute she buried her face in her hands; then she rose quickly and we left our shelter and joined the throng.

The following week the *Reflector* contained a denial of the reported engagement of Miss Mayne to Mr. Reynolds, and closed by saying:

In justice to our established reputation for veracity, we must add that we received our information from what would seem uncontrovertible authority.

After reading this Elizabeth wrote to Reynolds, and not daring to go out herself, having no excuse, and not wishing to give the servants any information, she asked me to post the letter, which I did the same night. But since she had taken me partly into her confidence, it seemed to me that I had earned the right from my discretion and aid to know more, and having been appointed by Aunt Amanda to watch over her child, I was bound to do my duty. Nothing could have pleased me better for my favorite author was Gaborien; and as some fellows frighten their mothers by threatening to run away to sea, for the roaring ocean I substituted the Secret Service.

Uncle Richard and Aunt Amanda were coming to spend the Christmas holidays with us, but had not decided upon the exact date they would leave home. Auntie wrote Elizabeth to expect her as late as possible, but shortly after this came a telegram from uncle: "Will lunch with you at noon."

I had not yet seen any results from the letter to Reynolds, and was anxiously awaiting a clue. "The girl's parents will arrive two days sooner than she anticipated," I reflected, and prepared myself to follow her at a moment's notice. She was really very fond of them, and had talked about their visit with a great deal of enthusiasm, but when the telegram came I could see that it worried her, though she tried to look pleased, as of course one should do when one hears that one's father and mother will arrive forty-eight hours sooner than expected.

We all sat a long time at luncheon and then adjourned to the library, where Elizabeth was called upon to show some specimens of her improvement. I watched her glance now and then at the clock, and, spite of being glad that her plans were thwarted, I put myself in a bit of a pique.

Uncle Richard, who was sitting by her, and, leaning her head against his shoulder, began asking her how she was enjoying things in general.

"I may as well go off watch," I said to myself, which shows what an amateur I was, and tumbled over on a lounge in a dark corner where I thought I would get back a little of the sleep I had lost the night before. I was feeling so drowsy that the voices had begun to sound queer and farther away, when suddenly Elizabeth sprang to her feet. Uncle Richard and all the family said, "What is it?" and I thought it.

She explained that before evening she must visit a couple of poor families she had been helping. I did not think she could possibly carry this through, but to my amazement it turned out an easy success. Everybody remonstrated, but Elizabeth answered objections either by not hearing them or with a sweet smile and word, so that by the time she left the room to get her wraps she was not only not considered "a thankless" child but was approved of by Uncle Richard, after which no one opposed her. I managed to get quietly out of the room and waited in the front basement with my hat and coat on. I heard mother call:

"Don't you want May with you, dear?"

My heart stood still for a second. While it was true that I was against the meeting, if meeting there was to be, yet now that we were started, I confess I desired to see the affair through, by way of novelty if nothing else.

There was a slight pause, and then Elizabeth said: "If you think Captain Harold can spare her."

"Oh, yes," cried May, "he said he might be in town to-day. I'll go with you next time, Ben."

I had never realized that any good could come of fellows spending afternoons with your sister, and now even Handsome Harold, as the women called him, had done me and my cousin an inestimable service. I walked at a safe distance behind Elizabeth, and, during an instant when I thought ourselves alone on the block, I slipped on some whiskers which were part of a make-up I had worn once in private theatricals. The wig I had put on before leaving the house. I appeared a slightly bald, exceedingly sedate, middle-aged man.

At length we entered St. Eustasius'. It was already twilight in the old church, and the candles on the altar shone like the stars at sea. Elizabeth was not a Romanist, but believing the Creator to be omnipresent, she felt that where He was she might worship Him. As she rose from her knees, Reynolds walked out of the shadow of a pillar and

joined her. Anyone who had happened to notice them could have seen that the meeting was prearranged. They made no pretence of surprised recognition, but having exchanged a quiet glance, they left the building together.

They had walked some distance before I began to notice where we were. Then I found myself going up Third Avenue.

Reynolds occasionally stopped, upon which Elizabeth would urge him forward, and then both laughed. They seemed very much amused, though I could see nothing humorous about, possibly because I did not hear their conversation. Finally both stood still before a little place, which I learned from a white sign with blue letters and a red border was a "Patisserie Francaise."

I lounged on the corner and looked up the car track until they went in. Then I sauntered along and began to take stock of the window. They were inside choosing things in the show case, and as Elizabeth had just spoken, I knew before I saw the man reach for them that chocolate éclairs were wanted. He led his customers into a dark passage and I lost sight of them. I entered and was embarrassed by a bell that announced me. For a moment I felt so conspicuous I wanted to beat a retreat. A little girl came running out of the passage, and as there seemed nothing else for me to do I bought a couple of patties and ate them without any trouble, my walk having given me an appetite. By the time I was through the head of the establishment returned. Although a very easy thing to do when I had planned it, it having been one of the simplest expedients of detective heroes, yet downright effort was required before I could say that I should like to be engaged at once as a temporary waiter.

Thinking to propitiate him I said this in French, but his cold Gallic eye never twinkled. I pulled out a roll of greenbacks which Uncle Richard had given me to buy what I liked best for Christmas. If not what I liked best, I was buying what I wanted most. Fortunately he did not ask me to show him my choice. I laid down a bill and remarked: "After you shall have another."

The little girl, who at first had stared in mute curiosity, became hilarious at the sight of the money and laughed at my pronunciation. This gave Monsieur Poulou occasion to unbend, and after reproving the young Third Avenue grisette, he turned to me with a cautious smile and a shrug. "Mon Dieu, Monsieur!"

He was waiting a chance to consent without loss of dignity, so in my quality of inspector, which, of course, involves more or less lying, I said: "It is all right. There will be no trouble. I am her brother."

"Ah, if Monsieur is her brother—why certainly!" I checked his flow of words, though he took care to speak softly, and soon exchanged my hat and coat for a white apron, and was on my way with some excellent French drip coffee to the back room.

I had not felt so conscious since my first recitation at school; but they did not seem to notice me, and accepted my services as they did those of the sugar-tongs or of any other piece of table furniture to which they were accustomed. I am afraid I forgot about the right side to hand things, though it should have been a matter of second nature to me, I have heard mother speak to the servants so often about it. I believe, in a shipwreck, if mother were offered her share of the last crust on the raft she would say: "The other side, please." Fortunately my patrons were not critical, but, as soon as I could, I left the room, thinking they would talk more freely when alone, and remained in the little dark passage within call.

"How delicious!" Elizabeth exclaimed, setting her cup down. "I supposed the tea here would have been wretched stuff. About this time my cousin is making the most fragrant Oolong. What wouldn't she give to see me dispensing afternoon coffee! If there are no callers she pours for Dick and for me—to keep her hand in, we say. But indeed I don't care for it. I only drink for the cakes and the bonbons that go with it. I prefer a *kafee blatsch*."

Reynolds said little, but I have noticed that women admire this selfish silence in men more than the efforts of a fellow who takes the pains to be entertaining. I knew that his company went on the road Christmas eve, and I supposed she had told him that uncle would take his family abroad in the early Spring, so that I was somewhat surprised to find them in such good spirits.

"This is very tempting, but if I don't have an appetite for dinner there will be a commotion."

"Tell them you have been dining with one of your poor."

She laughed. "Papa would say that was like the minister's donation party. No!" decidedly, "I never lie, and I think myself very clever to get along without it."

"You often call me poor fellow. You have to-day," Reynolds said, reproachfully.

"Don't you like it? Odd! It seems Dick, too."

There was some drapery about the door,

through which I discovered I could gain sight of the table. As my name was mentioned I ventured to draw nearer. I could thus see one face, the other being turned from me, for they sat *vis-à-vis*, like Darby and Joan. Of course, I did not object to this, spite of wanting a better view of Reynolds, who asked, in the deep musical tones his voice was capable of producing: "Who is Dick? I want to know more about him."

"Dick is an angel!" said Elizabeth, enthusiastically. To my surprise my face grew suddenly hot, which shows that such physical expressions are not always the reflection of a guilty conscience.

"And I? What am I?" he queried, holding out his cup for more coffee.

"You? You are tempting me to say the opposite. I did think so, the day the—you know. My cousin was singing Robert le Diable when I read it, and I was reminded of the appropriate music the orchestra plays in some melodramas. Come," as if to change the subject, "a toast. A toast in good coffee is better than a toast in poor wine. Here's to absent friends."

She looked him full in the face, but though his back was towards me, I guessed that he returned her gaze until her lashes fell. "I prefer to drink to present friends, if I can count upon any."

"*Les absents ont toujours tort*," quoted Elizabeth, gaily. "I think you may have your toast and your wish."

"Then here's to—I don't know your name! You! How does that sound?" said Reynolds, leaning back in his chair.

"Never mind," she retorted, putting her elbows on the table; a sure sign with her that she was free from care.

"It must be a very ugly name that you won't let me know."

"It is a beautiful name! It was a queen's name."

"And is still," he added, raising the cup to his lips; "my queen's!"

She smiled, but not in the way she had always smiled at compliments before. For a moment, as I looked at her face, I thought of the rays of light that had streamed through the windows at St. Eustasius'.

She broke the silence that followed with a sigh. "I must go. That solemn waiter is wondering like the Irishman in the car when he had no seat and nobody got out, 'Haven't any of you any homes to go to?' Don't you remember?"

Reynolds nodded. "I was there."

"Really? I didn't think you so old."

They both laughed like children on a holiday.

She stood up and repeated "I must go. I must make this visit before I can show myself at home. Come help me choose some sweets for the little Todds. It is your fault that I didn't bring them their Christmas presents. I thought it might shock you to see me laden down like Santa Claus' maid, though I had an idea of testing your amiability by making you carry half. Poor fellow, I have nothing for you!"

He rose and approached her. "Give me yourself."

"No, no, no," she cried, eluding his reach. Her dress brushed the curtain behind which I stood.

"And cannot I possibly see you again before I leave?"

"Not possibly or impossibly; and before you return I shall be in Europe. Just think of it!"

"I do! I am thinking I should like to go with you—we two?"

"Oh, terrible! We should do nothing but quarrel. If I wanted to go on you would prefer to stay where you were, or vice-versa; whereas, either papa or mamma are sure to agree with me, and—well, the majority rules."

"When shall I see you again?"

"I don't know." He frowned and she added persuasively: "Is not this much better than the dead certainty of having me near you every hour in the twenty-four?"

"No, it is not," he retorted, gloomily.

I would have gone into the room upon some pretext and ended the conversation, but that instead of gaining confidence, I was more nervous about recognition than when I arrived, so that the most I could do was to wait for the end, which, after all, my caution or lack of courage—I do not know which—prevented my hearing.

Proverbs are forever being given a fellow, from the time he scrawls them in his copy-books, as a guide to perfection, but when he attempts to put them into practice he feels like the old man, his son and the donkey in *Æsop's fable*. For instance, shake up together "Discretion is the better part of valor" and "Bravely dared is half won" and what is the result? General Sherman, mother would say. For me, these problems remain in a state compared to which Euclid is transparency itself. Anyway, I hated to run risks after having <sup>just</sup> succeeded.

There was a brief silence during which both stood still. "I thought you cared—a little—for me," Reynolds said.

"Why?" Elizabeth asked quickly. "Why?"

Tell me—you thought I cared for you—why?"

I could not help admiring his reluctance to answer, for the question was exasperating.

"Why? Because—you ought to know—from your—behavior."

Elizabeth laughed and walked about as she talked. "Oh, you stupid men! You cannot understand. You sow your wild oats and have all manner of distractions, but if a poor girl slips through the bars of her prison and indulges in an innocent romance, then immediately—she adores me—she is infatuated! In place of that read: She is amused."

There was another silence, in which I thought that, as matters were progressing, it was even better than if I had interrupted. "So I am only a plaything for you, off the boards as well as on. It gratifies me to believe you have been pleased. Well, the piece has had a good run. You must have had enough of me. It is time I should take myself off, and give somebody else a chance. Good-by!" He said these last words sharply, in contrast to the foregoing, and they sounded so near the door that I thought he would be upon me before I could reach the shop, but to my surprise he did not appear.

I stayed where I was, for every moment I expected to see him come out of the dark passage, and my plan was to take Elizabeth home, in case he should prove angry enough to leave her there. The hands of the clock moved so slowly I thought that like most French time-pieces it was out of order, but my own watch assured me that I waited only eight minutes. They seemed like eighty. Elizabeth preceded Reynolds and carried her purse in her hand so that she managed to pay the reckoning before he had his money out of his pocket. His face wore such a queer expression of suppressed remonstrance at this that the smile already on her lips deepened into a laugh.

"How comical you look!" she said as they were leaving. "If I cannot entertain you at home pray let me entertain you abroad."

When they were out of sight I stepped from behind a stock of cracker-boxes and handed the Frenchman my apron and the bill I had promised. He took them with a slight bow, and I came away in time to see Reynolds part from Elizabeth on the next corner.

At dinner I admit that I acted very badly. Hot pinchers could not have dragged the matter from me, but a stupid sense of injury made me think myself justified in holding discovery over my cousin's head, the more so that she looked a picture of content. I worried her by calling attention to her plate, and insisted that everything should be offered her twice. I sat opposite and kept my feet under my chair, so that if she should choose to signal me it would be impossible. She suspected nothing, however, until we were almost through desert. "Uncle Dick," I said, turning to the head of the table and avoiding Elizabeth's eyes, "we ought to drink your health. We are awfully glad you came just when you did, you know, and didn't put it off a day longer. Here's to Uncle Dick! May he come early and stay late!" There was a laugh, and everybody took a sip of sherry. We toasted Aunt Amanda and mother, and then as the coffee went round, I cried: "Ladies and Uncle Dick! One more ere we part. Allow me to drink her health in good Mocha; she's so fond of it. Here's to—my queen!" The cups were emptied, and joking me Uncle Richard took my arm and we followed the women to the parlor. Some friends called, and when the rest of the family were engrossed Elizabeth rose. Involuntarily I glanced at her, and she made me such a decided sign to follow her that I could not pretend to misunderstand. Nobody noticed us as we slipped into the dining-room, which was cleared up and dimly lighted.

Elizabeth turned and faced me. "You wicked boy," she said, in a low voice, almost breathless from indignation. She stared at me a few moments as if my enormities were beyond belief, while I looked at her, at the furniture, and out of the window, waiting until she should grow calmer. "You—you spy!" she hissed, and then stopped, as though she feared she might say worse.

"There is something you have omitted to call me," I remarked, coolly, "your guardian."

She smiled outright at this.

"Yes," I continued, "I know I have pink cheeks and yellow hair, but your mother told me to take care of you, which is more than she would be apt to say to that black-browed Othello."

"But you are the Othello in the case!" she exclaimed. Then she grew serious and moaned, "It was dreadful of you—to listen!" Her face turned red and then white again. "I shall never speak to you again!"

Before she had left the room I managed to say: "I did not hear the last ten minutes of your interview, and what I know, you know is buried." For a second her step faltered, and then, with more than its former impetuosity, bore her away.

As I was entering the parlor the next morning I heard mother talking with Uncle Richard in the dining-room. She left him with the



newspaper, and stopped me, saying, "Well, Dick, how late everyone is! I was hoping you would be down in time to have a little chat with me. Now that Richard and Amanda are here, I think the occasion has arrived in which to do something. Your uncle has just said he would be very glad to have you join them abroad as soon as you graduate, and return with them in the Fall. What do you say?"

"I don't mind," I said. I was very much pleased.

"And Dick," here mother laid her hand on my arm and spoke very impressively, "you are fond of your cousin Elizabeth."

I had expected a conversation of this sort, but nevertheless felt unprepared for it. "Why, of course I like Bea."

"And she is fond of you. I have noticed it. Now, as a rule, I disapprove of an early marriage, but there are a few cases where everything seems to point to it as a desirable consummation. Where the parents of both parties are united as one family, the girl intelligent, reliable, who will not be in any way, either financially or otherwise, a burden, and the man a brilliant—for you are brilliant, Dick, if you are my child—a brilliant, steady young fellow, then there is formed one of those exceptions that prove the rule."

Mother was satisfied with her speech and waited patiently for my reply. We heard the doors upstairs open and shut, and I rose and went toward the hall. May stopped to fix Aunt Amanda's skirt, which was dragging, she said. Elizabeth ran quickly down, and her face encouraged me.

"I suppose you know of Uncle Richard's offer to join you all abroad. Perhaps I had better decline. It would be awkward traveling together and not speaking."

She held out her hand, which I took. "Forgive me, dear Dick. I was wrong. I see now how kindly you meant it."

"And it's all over with—?" I could not pronounce Reynolds' name just then, but she understood me.

"Oh," she murmured, with a far-away look and a little smile, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

I dropped her hand, and went out to meet my aunt. I saw mother standing by the folding doors. I do not think she had heard our words, but she had noticed the action, and beamed upon us like a consecrated form of faith, hope and charity.

Poor mother!

#### DOWNING-MACK IMBROGLIO.

Joseph H. Mack, after seeing the notice that Robert L. Downing inserted in the advertising columns of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR last week, determined to issue the "warning" to managers that appears in the present issue. When questioned about the true inwardness of the disagreement with Mr. Downing, Mr. Mack unhesitatingly said as follows:

"No one will question that I have been largely instrumental in making a star of Robert L. Downing. He was losing money until I took the management of him in 1886. About the middle of the present season he began to show signs of his intention of kicking over the traces. Hitherto he had fallen in entirely with my views concerning the necessity of a good company to support him. He then informed me that he did not see the need of retaining such a strong support, and that he could easily coach cheaper people so that they would be just as good. He also informed me that he did not care to play Spartacus any longer, although he well knew that managers did not particularly care to book him in anything else."

"When we talked over the production of St. Marc for next season, he coolly declared he would not put money into any production. The real difference, however, arose when I requested Mr. Downing, at the end of the season, to meet his obligation toward me. It was a very foolish proceeding for him to advertise that he has severed his connection with me, because our contract runs until 1896. Now, while there is no great amount of profit in starring him, considering the work involved, I certainly do not propose to allow him to terminate the contract unless he settles up his obligations to me and makes me a fair recompense."

"How about the rumor that you were to star Frederick Warde?"

"I am at a loss to account for it. I never had any idea of negotiating with Frederick Warde. One tragedian at a time is about all I can take care of. If I had my choice, however, I think there is no one in the legitimate I should prefer to Louis James. In my opinion, there is no one, except Edwin Booth, who has gained more merited favor with the press and theatrical public. I will say this much, that since it has been noised abroad that Mr. Downing and I were at odds, I have received an offer to take an interest in a strong London success. I have also been approached by two prominent New York managers, with tempting offers to take the general management of their enterprises. Although there is nothing in my contract to prevent me from engaging in additional enterprises, I shall make no other arrangements until Mr. Downing and I have come to a satisfactory settlement."

#### MATTERS OF FACT.

The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad has issued a handsome illustrated Tourist's Guide entitled "Summer Resorts and Excursion Routes." The book contains no pages, descriptive of the famous health and pleasure resorts of New York State, New England, Canada, etc., and gives full information respecting rates, together with a complete list of Summer hotels and boarding houses with rates, and description of surroundings and the number and time of trains. Copies may be obtained on application to the company's agents, or by enclosing seven cents in stamps to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Depot, New York.

Lost in Africa, a melodrama from the French, adapted by Howard P. Taylor, is said to be a powerful play. It will be produced next season. This drama is spoken of as a play of great possibilities, replete with fine scenery, novel and startling effects and possessing a strong human interest, picturesque tableaux and striking situations. The principal scene is a realistic representation of the coast of Africa. The play will be interpreted by a selected company, under the personal direction of Frederick W. Bert, late of the California Theatre and Grand Opera House, San Francisco.

A rare chance is offered to secure a home in the village of Pasadena, New Jersey. It is situated on a railroad among the beautiful pines, near the seashore, on the highest, driest and most fertile soil in that State. The altitude of this place is 200 feet higher than Lakewood. Any one desiring to build or become a resident will be given a lot of land in the village of Pasadena, free and clear. This splendid offer will not last long. Those desiring to improve the opportunity are requested to call or address Room F, 211 Broadway, New York, or 65 Court Street, Brooklyn.

In the advertisement of "Palmyra," which appeared in our last issue, there were several mistakes in the Shakespearean quotations for which the Palmyrans are in no wise responsible. Mr. Freeman furnished THE MIRROR with copy "pat" and fair, but our brilliant compositor set it quite too "pat" to be intelligible. In justice to the offending type, it is fair to say that he had been recently engaged in setting-up religious matter for the editor of a prominent evening daily.

Marie Greenwood, prima donna soprano, who may be engaged for grand or comic opera roles, is at liberty.

Professionals can be accommodated with rooms, with or without board, at George Douglas', No. 26 West Twenty-third Street. Mr. Douglas also conducts the Fairview House in the Catskills, where there are large orchards and plenty of milk and vegetables, and he gives the preference to professionals as guests.

Only two years ago, Bensonhurst-by-the-Sea bloomed with waving corn fields and smiling market gardens. Only two Springs have come and gone, but their flight has been marked with a marvelous transformation in this delightful spot. The farms have vanished and a picturesque and beautiful village has sprung up. Wide avenues looking out to the ocean sweep through the village to the beach. Crushed limestone is a suburban of gravel, and in addition to the natural drainage thus offered an elaborate system of sewerage has been perfected. It is claimed that malaria cannot exist in Bensonhurst. Good water is supplied by the King's County Water Company. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, the eminent Brooklyn physician, has his Summer residence here. Dr. Speir declares that for those peculiar qualities of the atmosphere which are favorable to develop healthy lungs this place is unsurpassed. This locality has long been popular with professionals. Near Bensonhurst is Kathleen Villa, where Barney Williams dispensed princely hospitality. One of the most elegant villas in this section is owned and occupied by William West of Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels. Mr. West and his charming wife, the daughter of Hon. Mr. Morris, ex-United States Minister to Turkey, have recently taken up their abode here, and will become permanent residents. Mr. West speaks in the highest terms of the healthfulness and the facilities for boating, bathing, and fishing in this neighborhood. The Ocean Parkway is within a mile of Bensonhurst, and Manhattan Beach is scarcely two miles away. Bensonhurst is reached by the finest ferry-boats plying along New York. The ferry runs from the foot of Whitehall Street, New York, to Thirty-ninth Street, South Brooklyn, connecting with the Brooklyn, Bath and West End Railroad. The New York and Brooklyn ferry-houses are splendid structures of their class. The entire trip from New York is made in less than forty-five minutes. It is proposed to run elevated trains from the Brooklyn Bridge to Thirty-ninth Street, connecting with the Bensonhurst train, so that residents at Bensonhurst will have their choice of an all rail route, or ferry and rail. The elevated route is expected to be running in September next.

Stephen B. Stephany has been engaged for the Louis James company for the season of 1889-90.

The Opera House at Wheeling, W. Va., is said to be the only theatre in that city that plays standard attractions at regular prices. Time for next season may now be booked by addressing Manager F. Richter, Wheeling, or his New York representatives, Klaw and Erlanger, No. 25 West Thirtieth Street.

Jay C. Taylor, the tenor, who was for the last three seasons with the Carleton Opera company, is filling an engagement at Uhrig's Cave, St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Taylor will be at liberty after Aug. 25.

Robert Downing, in consequence of having severed his connection with Joseph H. Mack, is now booking his new romantic drama Count Claudio for the season of 1889-90. Managers holding time are requested to address all communications to Klaw and Erlanger, 25 West Thirtieth Street, New York. Mr. Downing's personal address is at Edgemere, Benning, D. C.

Manager Martin Golden, of the Golden Troupe, wants people for his new trial. Applicants will please address Martin Golden, Box 213, New Harmony, Indiana.

William Wolf, the comedian, has an engagement for the Summer with the Thompson Opera company at the Academy of Music, Baltimore. He will be at liberty for next season.

T. D. Frawley, who is playing leading roles in the stock company at St. John, New Brunswick, for the Summer season, will be disengaged for the regular season.

A first-class attraction is wanted for the opening of the Opera House at New Britain, Conn., on Aug. 25. This house is now booking time for next season, and will play only two attractions a week. Special trains are run to surrounding towns making a population of 25,000 to draw from. Manager L. E. Pike, of the New Britain Opera House, is also booking for the new Post Guard Hall in Hartford. The latter is said to be one of the finest theatres in New England. Companies may be booked one night or more. Such stars as Harry Anderson and Salvini have booked at this house. It costs 1,500 and is fitted up with the latest improvements.

The magnificent new steel steamer, *Paritan*, of the Fall River Line, made her trial trip on the 15th inst., carrying, by the courtesy of her owners, a large number of invited guests. The *Paritan* left her pier shortly after eleven o'clock, and after gracefully turning in midstream, steamed down the Bay, out through the Narrows, affording her guests an opportunity of witnessing the yacht race of the New York Yacht Club. The *Paritan* is the largest vessel in the line, and is 40 feet longer on the water line, 100 feet all, or 100 feet longer than the *Niagara*. The hull is 25 feet broad, and 10 feet over the guards. The interior of the steamer is finished in white and gold, and she has 100 staterooms, or more than the *Niagara*.

All communications for Joseph Adams are requested to be sent to his permanent address, care of Gustave Frohman, No. 25 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York.

The U. S. Mail, by George C. Jenks, is said to be a brilliant musical comedy with an abundance of new music, pantomimic surprises, novel fancy dances, catching topical songs, pretty girls and striking costumes. There is also a liberal supply of showy printing by W. J. Morgan and Co. The scenery for the piece is of a novel character and has been painted under the personal supervision of the author. Mr. Jenks is in negotiation with two of the best comedians in the country for his attraction, while the company has been carefully selected, Kate Davis, Mamie Heyman, Ned Hanson being among those engaged. Time is filling rapidly for the season of 1889-90. The piece is booked for first-class theatres only. Managers will please address George C. Jenks, care of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR.

The Elmina Opera House at Elmina, N. Y., and the Grand Opera House at Oil City, Pa., have been added to Wagner and Reis' Old Region Circuit. This circuit, which includes Erie, Beaver Falls, New Castle and Butler, Pa.; Hornellsville, Olean and Corning, N. Y., is reported to be the best one and two-night stands in America. Managers are requested to address communications to M. Reis, Morton House, New York.

There has been a change of management at the Academy of Music, Parkersburg, W. Va. Contracts for 1889-90 must be ratified by Manager E. B. Cady, who is now booking the time. Dates for Fair week are now open.

A scenery car, sixty-five feet long, with trucks, tracks, tackle and calcium equipments, may be purchased by addressing P. E. Mills, care of DRAMATIC MIRROR.

Hortense Hoffman and Rena Howard who play juveniles and soubrette roles in the order named are at liberty to accept a joint engagement only. Managers will please address J. J. Spies, 145 Fifth Avenue.

An entire dramatic company is wanted by a party whose address is "First-Class," care of THE MIRROR.

It was decreed in the Circuit Court of the United States, held in New York August 17, 1888, that William J. Fleming is the sole and exclusive owner of all the rights and title to Around the World in Eighty Days. Mr. Fleming warns local managers throughout the country that they will save themselves trouble and expense by respecting the decision of the United States Court. It is reported that this strong attraction will be better equipped for the season of 1889-90 than ever before. Entirely new scenery and mechanical effects have been made for it by Benson Sherwood, T. B. Weston and Frank King of the Grand Opera House, New York, while Carland and Seymour have furnished new and magnificent wardrobe, banners, etc. Thomas and Wylie have turned out very handsome lithographs, and some fine stand work has been done by the National Printing Company of Chicago. A strong company has been organized for the representation of the play next season, which will, doubtless, be the finest production the play has ever had. Managers are requested to address all business communications to W. J. Fleming, care Klaw and Erlanger's Exchange, 25 West Thirtieth Street, New York.

SIXTH SEASON—1889-90.

**William Redmund**  
AND  
**Mrs. Thomas Barry,**  
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Under the Management of  
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In Fred. Marsden's Comedy-Drama,  
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**NOTICE.**  
I have secured the right and title for  
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and will produce same coming season with entirely new scenery, costumes, mechanical and light effects.  
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**WARNING.**  
It having come to our notice that several unscrupulous parties have threatened to produce plagiarized versions of the following plays:  
**The Ivy Leaf, The Fairy's Well, Loch-na-Mar**  
or plays with titles culled from the above, we take this method of notifying all reputable managers throughout the United States and Canada that the sole and exclusive proprietors of these plays is  
**MRS. WILLIAM H. POWER.**  
And that we shall take summary legal proceedings against any person attempting to perform any of Mr. Power's plays, and prosecute such persons to the utmost rigor of the law.  
W. W. & HUNNELL, Attorneys-at-Law, N. Y. City.

**WANTED.**  
ENTIRE DRAMATIC COMPANY.  
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Address FIRST CLASS, Nismon office.

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Managers of theatres and combinations are hereby warned to refrain from any infringement on the title, dialogue or incidents. Any person plagiarizing, or producing plays with titles culled from the above, will be prosecuted to the

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Address all communications to  
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Summer. She has signed a three years' contract with the Duff Opera Co.—The Elks gave a performance for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers, at which Frank Linden and co. appeared in Monte Cristo. The proceeds netted about \$4,000. Mrs. Seguin Walcott and her sister, Mrs. E. E. Peterson, violinists, will give a concert at Tomlinson's Hall 19, assisted by local talent.

## ILLINOIS.

**SHREVEPORT.**—ARENA: Frank Robbins' Circus gave two performances to fair business, in spite of the heavy rains.

**JOLIET.**—OPERA HOUSE (R. I. Allen, manager): A bunch of Keys 8; fair business. Performance satisfactory.

**OTTAWA.**—SHERWOOD'S OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Hodgkinson, manager): A bunch of Keys 7 to medium business. Blake's Equine Paradox week of 10 to fair business.

**CANTON.**—OPERA HOUSE (C. N. Hinkle, manager): House dark last week. —ITEM: A dramatic co. has been organized in this city, composed entirely of Canton people, under the management of T. B. Alexander, formerly of the Florence Hamilton co. They will open this season at the Opera House 23, 29.

## IOWA.

**SIoux CITY.**—PEAVEY GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. I. Bachman, manager): Sam Small to a light house 7. High School graduating exercises 10. —ITEM: The Bostonians play a three nights' engagement in July. Treasurer Collier, of the Peavey, will leave this week for New York and other Eastern cities. The Peavey has booked a number of the best attractions on the road for next season. Manager Buchanan expects to visit the metropolis some time during the summer to complete his bookings.

**DUBUQUE.**—OPERA HOUSE (Duncan and Waller, manager): Duncan B. Harrison in The Paymaster, special engagement, 7, 8, and matinee. It is to be regretted that this fine attraction was not better patronized. Owing to the inclement weather the houses were only fair. —ITEM: During the fourth act Duncan B. Harrison, while making his leap into the tank, broke his ankle. The audience were loudly calling him before the curtain, when the accident was announced all became quiet. His part was then taken by one of the members of the co.

**DES MOINES.**—FOSTER'S OPERA HOUSE (Wm. Foster, manager): A testimonial concert to Helen Millini was a success. Ludwick Concert co. 6 to very light business, but deserved a good audience. W. C. Coup's Equestrianism and Buckley's London Shows opened week of 10 to good business, and gave a satisfactory entertainment. —GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. W. Moore, manager): A bunch of Keys to a fair audience. 5. Said Pasha co. 7, 8, with Saturday matinee gave the best entertainment of the season and drew good houses despite the bad weather.

**BOONE.**—PHIPPS' THEATRE (C. E. Phipps, manager): Sam Small lectured to a medium house 8. —REVIEW: The following is a list of the principal attractions that appeared in Phipps' this season: Little's World co., Charles Loder in Hilarity, Laura Dainty in May Blossom, Louis Lord, John Templeton Opera co., Fisher's (Western) Cold Day co., Helen Blythe co., Aiden Benedict co., Mlle. Rhea, Montegriffi English Opera co., Russell and Swift's Uncle Tom co., Newton Beers in Lost in London, Edwin Tanner in Jekyll and Hyde, Gus J. Heege's Ole Olson co., Hudson-Eckert Juvenile Opera co., A Postage Stamp co., Kate Bensberg Opera co., National Swedish Ladies' Concert co.

**COUNCIL BLUFFS.**—DOHANY'S OPERA HOUSE (John Dohany, proprietor): The Paymaster to a small house 8. The play was well received.

**DAVENPORT.**—BURTON'S OPERA HOUSE (W. H. Pluke, manager): Emma Juch to a crowded house 6. The concert did not begin until 10, owing to a delayed train. —TURNER GRAND (Charles K. It, manager): National Opera co. all last week to fair business.

**KEOKUK.**—KEOKUK OPERA HOUSE (Wm. Weissmann, manager): The regular season at this house is closed. A benefit performance was given 11 by amateurs for the Johnstown sufferers. The Irish drama, Glenora, was presented. House crowded. The house, lights, attache, music, and printing were furnished free of charge by J. C. Hubbert, Wm. Weissmann, and Grant Springer, who did all in their power to make the benefit a success. Your correspondent is under many obligations to Grant Springer, for many courtesies extended. Messrs. Weissmann and Springer will be in charge next season.

## KANSAS.

**TOPEKA.**—CRAWFORD'S OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager): The Arnold and Griffith Lyceum Theatre co. began a season of cheap summer amusement, opening in Word of Honor to about 1,500 people, by actual count. The houses were crowded during the week and apparently the audiences were thoroughly pleased. Mr. Crawford has offered the use of his theatre at any time for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers. —ARENA: The Leman Brothers' ten cent circus opened 10 to 11 to good business. Any show can draw a crowd in Topeka apparently in summer by simply advertising low prices.

## MASSACHUSETTS.

**CHELSEA.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (James B. Field, manager): The season closed May 21, but the house was reopened 11, when Manager Field gave a concert in aid of the Johnstown sufferers. There was some very fine talent, and the benefit was a solid financial success. The house was packed.

**SOUTH FRAMINGHAM.**—ELMWOOD OPERA HOUSE (N. P. Coburn, lessee and manager): Local Minstrel co. to about \$300 for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers 12. Manager Coburn donated the house, and the co. and orchestra volunteered their services. PERSONAL: G. E. Sanderson, formerly Manager of the Boston Herald, is flying visit last week.

**HAVERHILL.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (James F. West, manager): The season here has closed, the Adams and Cook Dramatic co. having been the last attraction. The past season has been a very successful one, and many leading stars in the dramatic firmament have been seen here. The house will be closed until the last of August, and in the meantime a number of improvements will be made, the principal one being the putting in of a new curtain and the addition of new scenery. Texted thanks to Manager West for courtesies received.

**HOLYOKE.**—HOLYOKE OPERA HOUSE (Chase Brothers, managers): Dockstad's Minstrels to a fair house 11. —ITEM: George and John Gorman have with Dockstad's Minstrels for a short season. They intend to open with their own co. at New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 7.

**NEWBURYPORT.**—GOSPEL: The City Hall is closed for the season. The past season, as a whole, was a very poor one. The only attractions that did a very large business were Two Old Crochies, Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels and Ellie Akerstrom.

**LYNN.**—PROCTOR'S THEATRE (A. H. Dexter, manager): E. P. Sullivan and Rose Stahl played in A Celebrated Case and Fate to light business last week. —ITEM: A benefit was arranged for 11 in aid of the Johnstown sufferers, but as only five tickets were sold, it was abandoned. The theatre will close 15, and will probably open Aug. 15. The summer theatre at Lynn Beach has been abandoned. Point of Pine will open 17.

**FALL RIVER.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (William J. Wiley, manager): Jennie Caled closed a week's engagement 8 to rather light business. Three local co. occupied the house 10-11. A concert and musical entertainment was given on latter two nights for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers; fair results. —ITEM: Jennie Caled closes her season the first week in July. The Academy orchestra presented Manager Wiley with a gold-headed cane last week.

**PITCHBURGH.**—WHITNEY'S OPERA HOUSE (Chas. A. Dunn, manager): House dark. —CITY HALL: Entertainment was given 10 to the Amateur Minstrels, assisted by the Pitchburg Band and other local talent for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers. A very good performance was given, and \$150 realized and forwarded. The costumes were furnished free by Charles A. Garey and George P. Raymond, of Boston.

**SPRINGFIELD.**—GILMORE'S OPERA HOUSE (W. LeNol, manager): Dockstad's Minstrels fared all considering the best 10. —PULVERIZATION: Wm. W. Pringle, stage manager of the Madison Square Theatre, is visiting his parents at North-

ampton. Some changes have been made in the Southern New England theatre circuit since my last report. Bunnell's Grand, New Haven, should have been included as well as his Hyperion. Jacques has added his Birmingham to his Waterbury house. Morrow's Providence has been replaced by the Gaiety, of the same place, and Gilmore's of this city, has been erased from the list. —Mrs. Detmar Thompson has presented the town of Swansey, N. H., with a flagpole 75 feet tall. "How's that for high." —Lodge 61, B. P. O. E., elected these officers here last week: Henry Denon, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Young, Leading Knight; C. K. Sias, Loyal Knight; T. J. Collins, Lecturing Knight; W. H. Lane, Secretary; Lawson Sibley, Treasurer; C. A. Perkins, Tyler; C. F. King, C. E. Sias and C. T. Shean, Trustees. —Alonso Stoddard, leading baritone of Heinrich's American Opera co., has been at his old home in Chicago the past few days. —Arthur C. Moreland has been re-engaged as interlocutor next season by Dockstad. —I hear that the Haverly Minstrel party, which includes Rice and Sweetman, will open at Rochester about July 25 instead of in this city as had been contended upon, also that the Western co., including Emerson and Dougherty, will open in Buffalo. —Joseph M. Norcross, last season stage manager and middle man of Haverly's Minstrels, floated in to see me the other day. He authorizes me to say that he has bought an interest in the Gorman Brothers' Minstrels, and signed a five years' contract. Harry Hardy also has an interest, and will be manager. —Ex-Manager Fred E. Wright will probably go into business in Boston. George and John Gorman are with Dockstad. James is at Chicago preparing very elaborate lithographic work for next season. The former tells me that the title "Elite" will replace "Spectacular" in their printing next year. —Jennie Burby, of Holyoke, late of Kate Claxton's co., and soon to be with Stuart Robson, was in the city last week. Several people here have spoken of Edgar Selder's good fortune in securing Thomas C. Lombard as his manager. I said amen every time.

## MICHIGAN.

**LANSING.**—OPERA HOUSE (M. J. Buck, manager): The Uther comb began a week's engagement 10 to a crowded house. Though playing at popular prices this is an exceptionally good co. ARENA: Forepaugh's circus is billed for 15.

**GRAND RAPIDS.**—POWERS' OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Garwood, manager): A testimonial benefit tendered Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scofield prior to their going on the road with their Banjo Club was only fairly attended. —RENTON'S OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Garwood, manager): Frank Linden in Monte Cristo, Damon and Pythias, Lady of Lyons and Ingomar drew good houses all last week. A portion of the receipts were donated to the Johnstown sufferers. —ITEM: The Scofield Banjo Quintette Club is organizing here for a summer tour. The co. comprises Charles Scofield and wife, O. P. Sisson, Mrs. C. McWhorter, George A. Smith and Z. T. Aldrich. —The Lodge of Elks of this city presented Brother Charles Scofield with an elegant diamond pin on the evening of his benefit.

**IONIA.**—OPERA HOUSE (K. R. Smith, manager): Nona Family in musical specialties 10 under the auspices of Uniformed Rank Knights of Pythias. Splendid business.

**REINLANDER.**—He, She, Him, Her, with George H. Adams and Toma Hanton 10 to \$300 house. The party gave complete satisfaction and the performance was voted the most entertaining of the season. Several changes for the better have been lately made in the co. The singing is a special feature.

## MISSOURI.

**KANSAS CITY.**—COATES (M. H. Hudson, manager): Last three nights of last week, Rhea in Case Vidal and Much Ado About Nothing played to fair business. From an artistic standpoint the engagement was very satisfactory. Her new play, Case Vidal, did not meet the expectations of the public. This engagement closed the present season of the house. —WALKER GRAND (J. M. Crawford, manager): The bill of the Snackford Opera co. was changed last week from The Beggar Student to The Mikado, the public seeming to be anxious for the presentation of the latter. Mr. Snackford sang the part of The Mikado, doing excellently; Frank Blair as Ko-Ko made a bit. So far the business of the co. has been very good. This week The Beggar Student.

**ST. JOSEPH.**—TOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager): Rhea presented Much Ado About Nothing to a well pleased audience 5. —EDEN MUSEE: Will close for the summer 16.

## MONTANA.

**HELENA.**—MING'S OPERA HOUSE (John Maguire, manager): Effie Elster 10-11. —ITEM: Miss Elster's season will close at Fargo, Dak., 20. Star and co. will go to New York. —Manning, manager, will leave for San Francisco to take charge of The Cavalier at the Alcazar.

## MINNESOTA.

**ST. PAUL.**—PEOPLE'S THEATRE (L. W. Walker, manager): Mrs. Mary Myers, a general favorite since the opening of the theatre, was tendered a complimentary benefit by her numerous friends 6. The house was filled by a first-class and appreciative audience. Two Can Play at That Game and Naval Engagement were presented. An excellent performance was given. Mrs. Myers closed her engagement 11, having done excellent work in her various roles. A. S. Lipman also closed his engagement 10. He proved himself to be a versatile, conscientious and industrious actor of ability. During his engagement of fifty-two weeks he has played in over 150 performances and learned forty-five parts, making many successful successes. A dramatic play entitled How the Blow was produced with a strong cast and met with signal success. Laura E. Burt, the new sub-brette, made her first appearance as Kitty Wobler, playing the role nicely, and made a very favorable impression. Miss Burt is pretty and a bright, clever and versatile actress. She possesses a sweet, pleasing voice, and is a graceful dancer. Miss Burt will prove a very valuable acquisition to the co. —ITEM: The comedy How She Loved Him was presented 7-9. W. S. Harkins, the new leading man, made his first appearance in the role of Vach playing the part acceptably. —NEWMARKET THEATRE (L. N. Scott, lessee and manager): The Savoy Ladies' Concert co. gave a very enjoyable entertainment to a large audience 6.

**MINNEAPOLIS.**—HARRIS' HENRIETTA AVENUE THEATRE (Samuel H. Friedman, manager): Strauss' charming opera, The Merry War, was presented by the Wilbur Opera co. to a packed house 10. The performance was the best thus far given by this excellent organization. Alice Verona made a decided hit as Countess Violetta. Susie Kirwin was pleasing as Elsa. A bad cold prevented much use of her sweet voice. Philip W. Naves made a splendid General Spinola, while Messrs. Kohlme and Harvey were irresistibly funny. Chorus exceptionally strong. The management were compelled to utilize camp chairs to accommodate their patrons.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. F. Conklin, manager):** E. H. Sothera opened in The Highest Bidder 10 to a good house. His Jack Hammetton is an excellent piece of acting. B. H. Bishop was a strong Bonham Cheviot. Belle Archer is a charming actress. A very capable co. —FRENCH OPERA HOUSE (Fr. d. erick Beck, manager): Edwin Stuart co. in Queen to fair business 10. —ITEM: At the benefit for the Johnstown sufferers at Harris' Theatre 10 the handsome sum of \$1,200 was realized at fifty cents admission.

**MANKATO.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (A. G. Bierbauer, manager): Theatre's Nashville Students amused a fair audience with their singing 10.

## NEBRASKA.

**FREMONT.**—LOVE'S OPERA HOUSE (Robert Reynolds, manager): House dark. Due: Rhea: 27.

## NEW JERSEY.

**HOBOKEN.**—CRONHEIM'S THEATRE: The Roop and Nipper Burlesque co. drew very fair houses all last week. The comb, an excellent one, and the burlesques on Pinafire, Mascotte and Mikado were well presented and thoroughly appreciated. John and Lucille Grieves do a clever specialty turn. Matthews and Harris, Gilson and Mads, Gallagher and West, Leslie, Kowland and Rowe also deserve credit for good business. The manager of the co. "skipped" early in the week; but the comb finished their engagement, on the commonwealth plan, under

the management of John A. Grieves. They disbanded here Sunday night. This week, Lily C.ay's comb, opened to good business and gave a good variety entertainment. —ITEM: Treasurer Schiller receives a testimonial benefit July 11. When a special bill will be prepared. —John Hammond is again doing good hunting for Manager Cronheim. —Lucille Grieves for three weeks' salary that Manager Nipper forgot to pay her before he left for Washington. The rest of the co are only minus two weeks' pay.

**TRENTON.**—TAYLOR OPERA HOUSE (John Taylor, manager): A very large and well-pleased audience was present at the concert for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers 13. Mendelssohn Choral Union sang 10 choruses from St. Paul. Prof. J. R. Dupin rendered a violin solo. The Seventh Regiment band, of the city, discoursed fine music. The two features of the programme were the speaking of George Francis Train and the topical songs and funny stories of Roland Reed.

**ATLANTIC CITY.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. C. and C. A. Idler, managers): During the week 8 Number 227, a musical farce-comedy, was produced under the management of W. C. Farrier. This was the first public performance of the play. The play, with a few more rehearsals, ought to score a success. Messrs. Ryan and Drew especially captivated the audience. Miss Gladys Glover made her professional debut, assuming the part of Esmeralda in a very clever manner. —Gossip: Among the professionals sojourning here are Creston Clarke, Odell Williams and Miss Hadley, of the Beacon Lights co.; Ned Thomas, of minstrel fame, and Mr. McDowell, of Muggs' Landing. —George Atkins will, during the week of 17, present his two new plays—The Police Alarm and Texas Bill.

## NEW YORK.

**ROCHESTER.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (H. R. Jacobs, manager): Herne's Hearts of Oak was presented to large audiences the past week. The play was staged in an excellent manner and the several roles interpreted satisfactorily. James A. Herne as Terry Denmark was all that could be desired, and Agnes Hamilton had the house with her at every performance. This, the last week of the season, Bartley Campbell's My Geraldine. —ITEM: The Juch-Peterson operatic co. will occupy Washington Kink 20. —Rachel Booth, who has been ill for the past several weeks at the residence of her mother in this city, has so far recovered as to be able to leave for New York. Mrs. J. Herne's daughter, Lillian (Helen) is at her home in this city. This bright little lady has several tempting offers from prominent companies for next season but she is undecided as to where she will locate. She and husband, the very gentlemanly and popular treasurer of the Academy, will pass the heated term at the seashore. —Frank Edwards, the genial press agent at the Academy, contemplates a trip to the Pacific coast during the summer, accompanied by his wife and daughter. —Bob Hamilton's Circus was located here last week at low prices and did a fine business. The Casino is now open as a Summer garden.

**SCHENECTADY.**—CENTRE STREET OPERA HOUSE: W. T. Mariette has severed his connection with this house, which is now under the management of the Sherlock Sisters. All the other theatres here have closed.

**SYRACUSE.**—ALHAMBRA THEATRE (H. R. Jacobs, manager): Pinafire was given 13 by amateurs for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers. Fair house.

**ELMIRA.**—MADISON AVENUE THEATRE (G. W. Smith, manager): Prof. Reynolds, the Minstrel, appeared 10 in a benefit for the Elmira and Williamsport flood sufferers, netting about \$25. —OPERA HOUSE (W. E. Bardwell, manager): House dark. The Opera House for next season has been leased to Wagner and Reis of Bradford, Pa., who will include it in their circuit. W. E. Bardwell, the present manager, has presented to the public a superior line of attractions. He has had the management for a number of years, and I trust he has made money out of it.

**SALAMANCA.**—GIBSON'S OPERA HALL (O. R. Gibson, manager): This is the only place of amusement in the city. It will be opened for the first time during the latter part of this month.

**CONHOES.**—CONHOES OPERA HOUSE (E. C. Game, manager): An entertainment for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers was given 7 to a packed house. The house was donated by the management. Every feature was applauded. Special mention should be made of the Philadel Quartette. Messrs. James Laing, the Misses Miller and Bailey and Gair.

**BUFFALO.**—COURT STREET THEATRE: This house had the field to itself last week. The American Star Specialty co., which included Press Elbridge, Conroy and Dempsey and the clever contortionists, Marco and Reno, did a fair business. An extra matinee was given for the flood sufferers. Go-wongo Mohawk is the present attraction. —ITEM: Summer opera seasons are opening at both the Star and the Court Street theatres. At the former, which was opened on Saturday last, admission is placed at 25 cents. The Star, with the Spencer opera co. in Giorio-Giorio, opened 17. Their prices range from 25 to 50 cents.

**UTICA.**—OPERA HOUSE (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): The Ludwig Concert co. gave a delightful concert to a large audience 13. The co. closed season in Boston 15. The members will return home to Europe.

**POKEEPSIE.**—COLLINGWOOD OPERA HOUSE (E. B. Sweet, manager): A performance of Robert Emmet, for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers, was given 13 by St. Peter's Amateur Dramatic Society. The cast acquitted themselves in a generally competent manner. Those deserving special mention were: Joseph Cusack as Robert Emmet and Misses Kerr and Clinton as Maria and Judy respectively. Miss Kerr made a most favorable impression by her earnest and consistent acting as the patriot's wife. Miss Clinton looked pretty, sang sweetly and evinced histrionic talent in the sub-brette part. The receipts were about \$25.

**AUBURN.**—Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin co. under canvas, drew a very large audience and gave a very bad entertainment 13.

**BINGHAMTON.**—OPERA HOUSE (J. P. E. Clark, manager): Helene Adell, supported by a superb dramatic co., played a week's engagement to a splendid business considering the hot weather and a military fair. Miss Adell and co. are great favorites here. They will continue their engagement all next week.

## OHIO.

**DAYTON.**—MEMORIAL HALL, Soldiers Home (J. Clinton Hall, manager): The Home co. produced Clinton Blind 8 but the inclement weather prevented many from attending and among the latter myself. Those, however, who braved the storm returned well pleased with their venture. A double bill consisting of Who Killed Cock Robin? and The Bonnie Fishwife, was given 11 to an unusually large and brilliant audience. In the former Charles A. Somier as Jack Rackett and Helen Tracy as Satanella deserves special mention. In the latter, Kate Foley as Miss Thistle-down, took the audience by storm and again demonstrated that she is by far the best sub-brette The Home has ever had. Maurice Drew made a handsome Wildcat and aided greatly in the splendid presentation. George R. Edson was in his element. Gailers, Vernon charges, a splendid impersonation as Sir Hockley. All in all it was the most pleasing performance the co. has yet given. —CURS: Manager Larry H. Reid has returned from a short sojourn in Indianapolis. The 11 Vincent De Paul society will produce Caste at the Grand 15. The advance sale indicates a very large audience.

**TOLEDO.**—WHITE ARCADE OPERA HOUSE (S. W. Brady, manager): The Main Line, which was booked for the week, closed Wednesday night for lack of patronage. —PREFECT'S HALL THEATRE: Gilmore's Band opens season 16. —ARENA: Forepaugh's Circus to packed tents 12.

**MANSFIELD.**—OPERA HOUSE (Miller and Ditten hofer, managers): An entertainment was given 7 by home talent for the benefit of the Johnstown people from which \$300 was realized. The house was donated by the management free of charge. Thompson's ten cent circus week of 10 did good business. ELKS: Manager A. B. Dittmerhofer was elected Exalted Ruler of Mansfield Lodge No. 26 B. P. O. E. The Lodge here donated \$50 to the Johnstown Sufferers.

**URBANA.**—GOSPEL: Uncle Tom's Cabin and Concert co. under canvas, had a crowded tent 12, and gave satisfaction. James H. Miller, manager of the Newark, O. Opera House is doing advance

work for the Phillips's, Billy and Francis Clifton and George Woods of the Billy Green Circus have rejoined that organization after two weeks' rest at their homes here. P. R. Bennett, Jr., manager of the Opera House has returned from Africa.

**COLUMBUS.**—METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE (C. A. and J. G. Miller, managers): The concert for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers given by the Orpheus, Arion and Maennerchor societies was a grand success in every respect and netted about \$200. The Fourteenth Regiment Band, Clara Davis, Eva Williams and Chas. T. Haines, soloists, with George Backus in ecitations were valuable auxiliaries. —GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Miller Brothers, managers): The excellent stock co. at this house is not meeting with the success it deserves. The Three Guardsmen was put on in excellent style the latter part of the week with Mr. Campbell as D'Artagnan. This week Michael Strouff, well cast and beautifully mounted is playing to increased business. Next week The Shanghai. —THE WORLD (James Geary, manager): This house will close a remarkably successful season 15. The house will be practically rebuilt this summer and reopened about September. —EICHENLAUD'S: Good business continues. —ITEM: C. W. Bender is home for the summer after a season with Mrs. McKee Rankin. He goes with the same cast as last season. —Geary of the World has given the Flood Relief Committee the use of his house next week and an Amateur Dime Museum will no doubt draw crowded houses. The freaks will be impersonated by well known society people. —Forepaugh's Circus did tremendous business 14. —George Backus made a great hit in his recitations at the Flood concert 10. He was obliged to give four selections. —A large force of men is at work on the scenery for Kalamata under the direction of Chr. Jensen. —Manager James G. Miller is in Cleveland on business.

## OREGON.

**PORTLAND.**—NEW PARK THEATRE (J. P. Howe, manager): Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels 13 to good business. Manager Howe will manage J. and S.'s Minstrels on the "Sound Circuit." Tania Seattle, and other places and in Mr. Howe's new theatre. —ITEM: Ground has been broken for our new \$25,000 theatre to be located in the block opposite old new \$35,000 hotel. Mr. Wood, of Chicago, the architect, says the new theatre will be finished before the end of this year. Its opening will be hailed with no little pleasure by our theatre-going people. —Sells Brothers and J. H. Bamth's Circuses have gorgeously billed the town. They exhibit here 24, 25.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

**ERIE.**—PARK OPERA HOUSE (John I. Kerr, manager): The only attraction last week was a concert by local amateurs for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers. The theatre was donated by Manager Kerr. In reviewing the past season at this place of amusement I find the business to have been almost uniformly good, and the attractions presented generally first-class. We look forward to the coming season with a confidence born of good faith in the management.

**MAUCH CHUNK.**—CONCERT HALL (John H. Faga, manager): A musical concert by home talent for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers, 4 to 5, full house 10. Subscriptions were received during the performance and in all about \$1,000 was realized. T. K. Burk's Horse Show (under tent) is billed for 17. —ITEM: Manager A. W. Van Anden, of White's Opera House, McKeesport, is spending the summer in Mauch Chunk. Your correspondent wishes to thank Manager J. C. Idler, of the Grand Opera House at Atlantic City, N. J., for courtesies while in that city.

**TITUSVILLE.**—OPERA HOUSE (C. F. Lake, proprietor): Ruddygoose, or, The Witch's Curse, was presented 17 for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers, netting \$225. C. F. Lake generously donated the use of the house. More week of 9 to splendid business; excellent satisfaction. One of the best co. which has visited this place this season at popular prices. They will close their season at Oil City 29.

**ITEMS:** Charles W. Otis, business manager of the Mora co., goes in advance of the Floy Crowsell co. after the close of the present season. —Our popular manager, C. F. Lake, is in New York making arrangements for attractions for the coming season.

**OIL CITY.**—OPERA HOUSE (Wagner and Reals, managers): Ethel Tucker played week of 10 to light business.

**NEWCASTLE.**—PARK THEATRE (Schorer and Leslie, lessees and managers): A benefit performance for the Johnstown sufferers 6 netted \$215.

## RHODE ISLAND.

**NEWPORT.**—NEWPORT OPERA HOUSE (H. Bull, manager and proprietor): The Ticket-of-Leave Man presented by Smith's Lyceum co., under the auspices of the Newport Lodge of Elks, netted \$1,000 for the Johnstown sufferers. Manager Bull contributed the house 11, and Beatrice Strafford assisted by amateurs, donated the gross receipts of \$200 to the same cause. Miss Strafford played 12-13 with scores from Camille, Romeo and Juliet, and the comedietta In Honor Bound to very light business. This is her last appearance in this country, as she will leave for England shortly.

**PROVIDENCE.**—SANTA SOUZI GARDEN (W. E. White, manager): Miss Jennie Caled, supported by a fair company, has been doing a very good business here past week, appearing in An American Princess, Little Muffets, Little Barefoot and Little Detective. —WESTMINSTER MUSEE: The May Howard Burlesque co. drew crowded house last week. The Providence Dime is doing good business and giving pleasing entertainments. —CIRCUS: Barnum and Bailey's circus is billed here for 24, 25.

## TENNESSEE.

**MEMPHIS.**—JACKSON MOUND PARK (James Wood, manager): The Mikado had a very successful run through the week. The stage setting and decorations, under the skillful hands of Frank Chalfant were much admired. Japanese fans, birds, gorgeous lanterns appeared everywhere, and in the centre an immense umbrella, that was kept in constant motion. The scene was photographed and will be a rare souvenir. Pinafire was put on 9 for this week. The Deahoe people make it pleasing and amusing and they are capable of making a success of anything they attempt. —ITEM: The Deahoes will give a benefit 17 for the Johnstown sufferers. There will be several entertainments next week for the same cause. On 17 there will be a grand musical event at the Theatre. Emma Juch, Irene Herbert, Fawcett, Signor Jules Perotti and an orchestra of forty musicians will appear, under the management of Emile Levy. We hope he will make it a success. The rain for the past four nights has interrupted the attendance at the Park. The co. representing the proposed Grand Opera House has purchased the lot and all the necessary arrangements will be made to commence work.

## UTAH.

**SALT LAKE CITY.**—SALT LAKE THEATRE (C. S. Burton, manager): The Twelve Temptations spectacle drew out a perfect avalanche of spectators 7, 8, and matinee. The house was packed to the doors at each performance. The acting is so bad as to be amusing, but everybody got full value of their money in the gorgeous scenic effects, costumes, dances, etc. The dance of the nations is especially fine. —ITEM: We are to have a monster concert in the big Tabernacle this week for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers. All the prominent musicians of the city have volunteered their services. President Wilford Woodruff has proffered the free use of the Tabernacle, lights, organ, etc., and will have platforms erected for the performers. Even Stephens will select a choir of four hundred voices, from his Elijah, Ernani and Daughter of the Regiment and Martha closes. Prof. H. S. Krohn will select the best voices from his pupils and his Mari tana co. The orchestra will combine the regular Tabernacle orchestra, the Theatre orchestra, the Garfield Beach and Lake Park bands, all of which will be under the baton of Prof. Willard Weibe. Of solists there will be a full complement. The various committees are canvassing the town with tickets and expect to sell at least ten thousand, of which there will be perhaps eight thousand, of which the doors. Admission is placed at one dollar.

## VIRGINIA.

**RICHMOND.**—GOSPEL: All places of amusement will soon undergo their regular annual course of renovation and decoration. At the Academy of Music there will be put in a new gallery, the proscenium boxes and loges will be rebuilt in addition



LN



## JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S LATEST COMEDY

LONDON, June 4, 1889.

Hitherto the most brilliant dramatic event of this season has been the performance at midnight on Sunday, the 2d inst., of a *petite comédie*, by Justin McCarthy, M. P., at the house of Mrs. Campbell-Praed, the eminent novelist. The audience bidden to assist by Mrs. Campbell-Praed was perhaps the most representative gathering that has assembled at the trial performance of any dramatic work for many years. Many circumstances contributed to this result, among which the charm of the hostess and the brilliant personality of the young author came perhaps foremost, and among those that gathered to hear the comedietta by the author of *The Candidate*, etc., etc., I noticed Henry Irving, J. L. Toole, W. H. Vandal, Fitzgerald Molloy, Justin McCarthy, M. P., and P. O'Connor, M. P.; G. H. Boughton, R. A.; Edward Heron-Allen, Joseph Knight, Thomas Thorne, Mortimer Menyses, Charles Sainton, among the men, and the Lady Dorothy Nevill, Mrs. Oscar Wilde, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter"), the two Misses Fortescue, Miss Terry, the Hon. Mrs. Finch Hatton, Mrs. Kendal, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Neville, among the ladies, besides a host of ladies and gentlemen not of such celebrity in the world of 1889.

The comedy which formed the *pièce de résistance* of the evening's entertainment was a little one-act gem entitled *A White Carnation*, and is by this time (the 5th) the talk of London, as the most neatly rounded comedietta that has yet been produced for drawing-room or stage performance.

The action takes place in the drawing-room of a young widow, the Lady Mary Pannell, in the half hour that follows the retirement of the ladies from the dinner table, where Lady Mary is discovered discussing with Miss Ellice Dering (an Australian millionaire's) the personality of the younger son of some impecunious peer, the Honorable John Lexington.

As may, of course, be supposed, both these ladies are in love with Mr. Lexington, and naturally the widow is quite confident of success. Naturally also, Mr. Lexington is in love with the younger lady, and, as is the custom in comedies, he confides his love to Lady Mary, who, sure of her game, has allowed her rival to be an unobserved witness of the scene from a balcony. As is usual in comedies Mr. Lexington declares himself without mentioning names, Lady Mary takes his declarations to herself and is rudely awakened at last by the cry of her rival's name from her lover's lips. Simultaneously the *ingenue* faints in at the window and, this bringing about explanations, everything ends happily, save for Lady Mary.

Though there is nothing strongly original in this story, Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's treatment thereof has been so delicately new as to make a perfect prose idyl of his little drama, and the highly critical audience that listened to it, rose charmed, and entranced, but with a sigh of regret, when the *fortieres* were drawn between Mrs. Praed's rooms and shut in the little stage. The comedietta was ably performed by Miss Vanbrugh, who will visit America with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the Autumn, under Dan Frohman's management; Miss Lea, who is admittedly one of the prettiest American contributions to the English stage, and Mr. Nutcombe Gould, a young actor recently sprung into prominence. Miss Lea, though a little stagey, showed great dramatic intensity as the Lady Mary, whilst Miss Vanbrugh was quite ideal in an ideal part.

A leading feature of the evening was the programme, designed by Mortimer Menyses, and embellished with a sonnet by Mr. McCarthy, whose translation of Omar Khayyam has just appeared and excited London not a little. Mortimer Menyses is the pupil of J. McN. Whistler, who made such a sensation with his Japanese exhibition last year.

The sun of Whistler has set in the brilliant noonday of Menyses' success, and the large body of art connoisseurs who collect his work more eagerly than erstwhile they collected Whistler's, are pursuing the fortunate few who were at Mrs. Praed's, for his programme of Justin McCarthy's latest comedy.

THE ACTUALIST.

## OXYGEN AND OZONE.

Charley Bowser has gone to Stamford, to wrestle with his part in *Cheek*, and to rusticate till his season opens. Fraser Coulter has just settled at New Rochelle and, with Charley Bowser running over once or twice a week, and Frank Losee in the same town to make things lively, these three actors expect to have a jolly time.

Pauline Hall is at Old Orchard Beach, Me. Murray and Murphy will be at the West End Hotel, Long Branch, all Summer.

Fred Solomon and Louis Harrison will go to Little Bayside, L. I.

T. Henry French will spend the Summer at his cottage at Long Branch.

At the conclusion of his traveling season in Chicago in July, E. H. Sothern will take a rest in the Adirondacks.

Anna Vidair, a protégé of George Washington Childs, who has been engaged, among others, to support Charles Bowser in *Cheek*, is Summering at the Hamilton House, Stamford.

William West, the last but not the least of the proprietors of T. P. and W.'s Minstrels, has taken up his residence at his villa by the sea at New Utrecht, L. I. Mr. West's luxurious seaside home was only finished a few months ago, and until recently it was occupied by the owner's brother. The latter was called away on business, and Mr. West was obliged to leave his company to join his wife in their new home. Since his arrival, Mr. West has made himself very popular with all classes of residents in this beautiful place, and his hospitable parlors are thrown open to his professional friends.

Lizette Le Baron is summering at her home at Gardiner, Me.

John P. Slocum has taken a cottage at Red Bank, N. J., which he has named "The Cinch."

Nat C. Goodwin will Summer at Seabright, N. J.

John E. Warner will go to Henniker, New Hampshire.

## PERENNIAL PIRATES.

The play-thieves and dramatic desperadoes are in a ferment of activity at the present time. They are flooding local managers in certain sections of the West and South with circulars begging for dates in State Fair weeks and whining for time next season.

J. T. McCaddon, the enterprising and energetic young manager of the People's Theatre, Minn., is another managerial foe to the theatrical thieves. Mr. McCaddon received the appended letter which he sent to THE MIRROR:

JANESVILLE, Wis., May 17, '89.

DEAR SIR—Can you book a combination playing a repertoire for two or three weeks commencing June 10. I have a first class repertoire co. playing *Caprice*, *Vagabond Heroine*, *Bob the News Boy*, *Lost in New York*, *Little Ferret*, etc., etc. I played the Pence Opera House about one year ago and gave perfect satisfaction and done good business. My co. is much stronger this season. Have no special paper but *new stock work*. If can book me please answer quick and name terms.

Yours truly, GEO. W. LOWE.

Manager Boston Theatre Co.

A correspondent in Georgia writes that a guerilla named Charles Guinness has been playing garbled versions of Joshua Whitcomb and Peck's *Bad Boy* in small towns in that State. Guinness' crew deserted him at Toccoa, Ga., because the ghost had failed to pedestrianate, but the pirate and his leading lady, Albani Troye, proceeded to fill their dates. Albani Troye is said to have once been a domestic in Albany, hence the *nom du theatre*. The same correspondent also writes that George H. Hamilton has secured a lot of Agnes Herndon's lithographs, together with some three-sheet stands of Walter Standish in *Under the Lash*. Under the title of the latter play Hamilton gives a villainous performance of *The Knights of Labor*. This company also plays *A Bunch of Keys*. This fellow Hamilton outherods Herod. He calls his wife Agnes Herndon, and books his crew with local managers under Miss Herndon's name.

This contemptible fraud appeared in Athens, Ga., recently. Apropos of this fellow, Miss Herndon sent the subjoined letter to THE MIRROR last week, but it was unavoidably crowded out:

35 WEST SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, June 5, 1889.

To the Editor of The Dramatic Mirror:

SIR—A house bill just received from a friend in Marietta, Ga., informs me that a scoundrel named Captain George H. Hamilton is defrauding the public by using my name as playing the leading role in a play called *Under the Lash*, also my lithographs. Will you kindly state in your valuable journal that said Hamilton will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law, and if any one of my friends will administer a lashing to him, I shall be sincerely obliged. Respectfully, AGNES HERNDON.

John B. Negrotto has been flying the skull and cross-bones for many years. His claim that he has the permission of John A. Stevens to present *Passion's Slave* is a falsehood. The play, as has been reiterated in these columns, is the sole property of T. H. Winnett. Negrotto has also stolen Myrtle Ferns, owned by John D. Clifton, manager and proprietor of Ranch King company. The pirate is playing Myrtle Ferns under the title of *Man and Master*.

## REFLECTIONS.

Mlle. Rhea will close her season on the 29th inst.

E. D. Shults has purchased Ferncliffe, William Hawthorn's new play.

Nelson A. Morrill, representing O. B. Sheppard, the manager of the Canadian circuit, has taken offices at Randall's Exchange, No. 1,145 Broadway, for the purpose of booking time. The circuit comprises all the principal houses between Montreal and Detroit.

NAT GOODWIN will open his season under the management of John E. Warner at Toronto on Sept. 2. Besides *A Gold Mine*, Mr. Goodwin has two new plays, *The Bookmaker* by J. W. Piggott, now having a run in London, and an entirely new play, called *The Nominee*. Mr. Warner is now negotiating with a New York theatre with the intention of producing both new plays in this city.

The bureau of dramatic literature, in the hands of Messrs. Shannon and Williams, is evidently supplying a want long felt by managers and authors. By it, the former are relieved of much of the drudgery of reading MSS., while the latter are benefited by friendly criticism and advice. A new version of *One of the Finest*, made for Mr. E. J. Hasson, is the latest work of the new firm.

E. G. STONE has engaged George Wessells, a popular leading heavy man of San Francisco, and Robert W. Dronet to support Joseph Hawthorn in Paul Kauvar next season. Mr. Wessells has had a varied experience in leading business having played *Macbeth*, *King Lear* and *Richard III.* with the late E. L. Davenport and William E. Sheridan. Mr. Hawthorn intends to have the most competent support obtainable and to produce Paul Kauvar in a more magnificent style than ever before. His season will open about Sept. 1.

EVANGELINE will be put on the road next season by Charles J. Rich, a son of Isaac B. Rich, the Boston manager, and E. Rosenbaum, who was last season with Kate Castleton. The burlesque will be given a magnificent production with Peter F. Daly, formerly of the vaudeville stage, as *Le Blanc*, and Fortescue and Maffit in their old parts. E. E. Rice will supervise the production. The season will open at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, on Sept. 2, that engagement being followed by one in this city, during the latter part of the month.

THE new Lyceum Theatre at Rochester, of which John R. Pierce is the able business manager, will open its season on Sept. 9. The list of first-class attractions already booked at the house, can probably not be surpassed at any metropolitan house, including as it does the Jefferson-Florence combination, Wilson Barrett, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., Rose Coghlan, Fanny Davenport, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Marie Wainwright, the Casino Opera company, Lewis Morrison, J. K. Emmett, the Carleton Opera company, R. B. Mantell, Sweet Lavender, Arthur Rehan, W. H. Crane, Captain Swift, Clara Morris, Rosina Vokes, Mlle. Rhea and Julia Marlowe.

JAMES NEILL, who has been engaged as leading man for William H. Crane's company for next season, will spend the Summer at his home in Savannah. The Ford Dramatic Society of that city will give a weekly performance during the Summer, with Mr. Neill as stage manager. THE MIRROR congratulates Mr. Neill on his rapid advancement in his profession. He was the first correspondent that THE MIRROR had in Savannah, and he ably represented that city in these columns for several years.

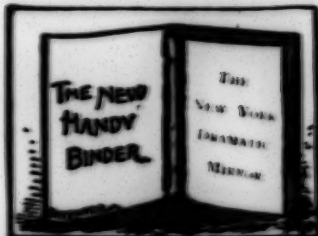
THE Schaefer Family, probably the most celebrated troupe of acrobats in Europe, had been engaged for the spectacle of Kajanka, when word was received that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children might interfere, and negotiations were abruptly terminated. The agent of the Miller Brothers is now in Europe looking for some attraction as renowned as the Schaefer. Contracts were awarded the Springer and the Courier Lithographic companies for \$10,000 worth of printing. The designs will be odd, novel, and entirely unlike anything ever originated in this country.

## A BELATED SPRING POEM.

'Twas last Spring the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love;  
'Twas last Spring the gentle maiden nestled like a cooling dove—  
He beguiled her.  
But this Summer divorce papers the Registrar are filed with,  
And this Summer you can find out who the men were who smiled with  
Marshall Wilder.

In the Spring the feathered songster in the boudy dingle sings,  
In the Spring the cynic seethes with sardonic gesture rings,  
The wedding bells,  
In the Spring the freshest rushes down the mountain torrent's bed,  
And this Summer "Jon'than's Continent" is being largely read—  
Tis Max O'Rell's.  
—Com.

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## GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

THEODORE NEDDENMEYER has been engaged for the Bric-a-Brac company.

J. R. PIERCE, manager of the Lyceum Theatre, Rochester, is in the city.

ROSE EYTINGER has been engaged by Kate Claxton for Captain Swift next season.

CLAY CLEMENT has been engaged for Frederick Warde's company for next season.

HENRIETTA CROSSMAN has been engaged as leading lady for Fred Warde next season.

PERCY WHEDON, the business manager of the Grand Opera House, Minneapolis, is in the city.

WAGNER AND REIS have leased the Elmira Opera House, heretofore managed by W. E. Bardwell.

PHILIP H. RYLEY and Mrs. W. G. Jones have been engaged for The Great Metropolitan company.

THOMAS W. RYLEY, formerly with the Hanlons, has signed to play the part of the lawyer in A Legal Trick.

M. T. SKIFF will manage Frank Mayo next season. The veteran actor will confine his attention entirely to Davy Crockett.

NEGOTIATIONS are pending for Rose Eytinge's son, Frank Butler, to take the part of James Atwell in Bowser's check company.

J. A. BRADWELL, the property maker of the Metropolitan Opera House, has made his headquarters at Klaw and Erlanger's.

E. H. SOTHERN will open in Chicago next Monday night. He will close his traveling season with his fortnight's engagement in that city.

IDA F. HERBERT, the youngest daughter of George W. Herbert, is among the promising young graduates of the New York Normal College, class of '89.

EVANS and HOEY sailed for Europe on Wednesday last via the City of Paris. They will return on July 20, opening their season at Tacoma, W. T., on Aug. 8.

J. C. EDSON has signed with Frederick Warde for the coming season. Mr. Edson left this city on Thursday last to play during the Summer at St. John, N. B.

KLAW and ERLANGER have received a circular from the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, containing the information that party rates would be continued next season.

MANAGER DANIEL FRIEDMAN has engaged Morton Selten, formerly of the Rosina Vokes Comedy company, and Kate Pattison his wife, for the starring tour of Mrs. James G. Blaine.

LOUIS JAMES has secured the following people for his principals for next season: Annie Amber, Fanny Gillette, Fannie Barlow, J. C. Mosely, Harry Langdon, Harry Leighton and the Little Craig Sisters.

W. FRANK CALDER is in Baltimore, superintending the lithographing for Charles Bowser in Cheek, which is being done by Hoen, and which is reported to be most exquisite specimens of the printer's art.

MELVILLE HUDSON, of the Kanias City theatres; L. M. Crawford, of the Crawford Circuit, and J. O. Milson, of the Theatre Vendome, Nashville, will be in the city next week. They will make their headquarters at Klaw and Erlanger's.

The production of The Prince and Pauper with Elsie Leslie, will call for a number of supernumeraries. Altogether, between fifty and sixty people will be required for the representation, in which there is also nearly a dozen good acting parts.

A. M. PALMER and family, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Pastor and James T. Powers sailed for Europe on the City of Paris, on Wednesday last, while Florence Thropp Bulkeley and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Butler were passengers on the Wisland on Thursday.

A CONCERT by the Germania Quartette Club was given at Chickering Hall last (Tuesday) evening for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers. Among the volunteers were Felix Adler, Master Albert Weinstein, the boy pianist, and Raymond Morris, the elocutionist.

C. L. DELORME, formerly leading man of Lotte's company, has written an original three-act farce-comedy entitled Fallow Fields, in collaboration with Willis Steel, a novelist. The play was read to Gustave Frohman recently at his cottage at Stamford, Conn. The first week of September is to be held open at the Standard Theatre with a view to its production.

TOM LEE, the representative of the Royal company of Hong Kong, China, an organization of Chinese actors, has engaged the Windsor Theatre for two weeks, beginning next Monday. The opening play will be Shi Lee Tall Moo, or, Filial Love and the Faithful Slave. There will be neither scenery nor drop curtains upon the stage during all the performances.

CHARLES O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, sent the following telegram last week to C. P. Craig, Eastern Passenger Agent of the same road: "Please notify theatrical agents in New York that the B. and O. R. R. Company will assume making rates of two cents per mile for capital, from points on its lines, to theatrical parties of ten or more persons traveling on one ticket."

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT's new play for the Lyceum Theatre will be presented at the Globe Theatre, London, for copyright purposes on the 25th inst. H. B. Conway, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr.'s, leading man, will be seen in the principal part.

MURRAY and MURPHY, who have just finished another very successful season under J. M. Hill's management, deny most emphatically that the rumors being circulated, that they are about to separate, have the slightest foundation in fact. On the contrary they point to the circumstance of their having invested their joint savings recently in fifteen town lots at Fort Madison, Iowa, as evidence of the harmonious, mutual relations between them. Manager Hill has two new plays for them for next season, one of which will be produced in St. Louis, after the old play has had a season of twelve weeks through California and Texas.

MARKS and NORMAN report that more orders are being received at their musical agency for good people—both principals and chorus—for opera, musical comedies and spectacle, than they can conveniently fill. Through their agency W. W. Robinson was recently engaged as musical conductor for Salisbury Troubadours. Among the companies they have obtained and are obtaining people for are the Carleton Opera company, Jennie Kimball Opera company, James A. Herne's Drifting Apart company, Hallen and Hart's Later On, the Hanlon Brothers' Fantasma, Chapman and Sellers' Rag Baby, Newton Beers' Enoch Arden, Daniels and Riegel, Bunch of Keys and J. W. Parker's Royal Pass company.

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